

Robert Browning Calling

The year's at the spring;
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

A GOLDEN
RULE
AT WORK

See page 4

Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere
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THE GREAT FOREST FIRE SWEEPS PAST

A Tragic Spectacle Australia Will Not Forget

LETTERS FROM C N HOMES IN THE STRICKEN AREA

FROM many homes where the C N is welcomed in Australia letters have been arriving with descriptions of the appalling forest fires which made the summertime anything but joyous in Victoria and South Australia. To many homes in the afflicted forest country the C N can no longer find its way, for the destruction has been intense and widespread.

The losses of timber alone amount to £6,000,000 in Victoria, while mills, farmsteads, cattle, and crops must amount to millions of pounds more.

When we come to the loss of human lives the total of 67 must be considered small over so great an area, and the fact that no more perished is undoubtedly due to the self-sacrificing work of the hardy men and women who still live and work there like pioneers of old. Two other factors saved numbers of lives—wireless (which got through when the telephone posts were mere charred stumps) and the deep pit shelters which were dug after a great forest fire 13 years ago.

The broadcasts sent out from Adelaide, Melbourne, and other stations called for every possible fire-fighter, motorist, doctor, and nurse to do their utmost to stave off an enemy which threatened all the wooded country in the south of Australia.

Oil in the Trees

It would need a book to record the heroism of the black week of the fire, when known and unknown heroes gave their lives for others. There were parents who lay down sheltering their little ones with their bodies, and always it was women and children first.

The trees of Australia are for the most part members of the eucalyptus type, with leaves full of oil and therefore liable to fire. Once alight the flames sweep through the treetops, often leaving the lower branches untouched, so that the verdure quickly appears again. As a precaution against forest fires wide spaces are cut through the trees so as to check the progress of any ordinary fires, but in an exceptionally torrid summer the danger of fire is increased by the parched undergrowth, and also because the heat is usually succeeded by fierce gales.

It would be more easy to meet the danger if these winds blew from one direction only, but Australia's forests are not far enough from the ocean for the winds not to be influenced by it, and the direction of the wind is anxiously studied when fires are about.

So there is a danger even when making a fire-break, as the wide open spaces (which are burnt under careful control by experts) are called. These breaks have to be patrolled by fire-fighters, because the wind will frequently blow lighted brands right across them to start a new fire.

So rapidly do the flames spread that they overtake the fleetest animal, while bird and insect life is blotted out. Fear and terror stalk through the land, and the dense clouds of smoke which herald the approaching flames bring black night at high noon.

Plight of the Animals

Our correspondents have sent us a record of some remarkable incidents to show how animal life reacts at such a time. An old woman was placed with her chair in the river while her home was burning. Suddenly a kangaroo with fur alight leapt on her from the bank and set her clothing on fire. Fortunately her companions were able to save her from this extraordinary mishap. While a man was hosing a fence to prevent the fire reaching his house an opossum leapt on his arm and looked appealingly at him, as if asking to have the hose turned on to its singed fur. Soon after he had taken refuge in a mud-hole a man was joined by a bull, which bellowed all the time the flames were leaping over their heads but did him no harm.

One of the queerest results of the fire was seen in a small orchard, where apples hung on the trees baked as well as if they had been cooked in an oven. Hundreds were hanging from the boughs, the flames having swept across the tops of the trees while the dry grass at their base was ablaze, the combination of fierce heat baking the green fruit.

The Fire and the Wind

But the best way of realising what this great disaster was like will be to read two typical letters we have received, one from a reader who experienced the fire near the border of New South Wales, the other from one who felt its effects at a distance of 40 miles (at Maffra in Gippsland, Victoria).

Mrs Meek, who lives at Hobby's Yards, near Trunkey, New South Wales, writes:

On Friday the flames advanced steadily all day, so at night fire-breaks were made. On Saturday morning the wind increased to hurricane force, rendering the breaks of little use. From eight in the morning to eight in the evening the fire travelled at least thirty miles, extending from near Tuena to within two miles of Hobby's



This photograph of the leaping kangaroos was not taken during the Forest Fires, but one of the common sights during the disaster was the flight of wild life from its perils

Early in the day a wireless broadcast advised farmers of Hobby's and Trunkey to move their stock to safe areas, and a later broadcast asked for more volunteers.

With a front of 20 miles the fire swept on towards Trunkey, blown ahead by a westerly gale. The residents were warned, but did not expect the fire to travel so quickly—it did the last 12 miles in half an hour. Tongues of flame scores of feet high were at times swept across the little town. The fire raced across the grass and scrub, setting alight houses in all directions. Most of the women and children were got away to safety by motor-cars and trucks. Bathurst responded to the broadcast asking for lorries to evacuate the Trunkey residents, and got there in time to rescue forty women and children. They got away just in time, the fire racing to the road almost as quickly as the cars sped along, and in places keeping pace with them on that narrow road to Bathurst. The intense heat, the roar of the flames sweeping over them from one hill to another, the hurricane of wind, and the belief that the whole town would go in the inferno, made it an unforgettable horror.

As for Hobby's, several of the Meek men were down at Ford Springs with

other fire-fighters early on that fateful Saturday, while the girls worked their hardest at home, cooking and packing hampers to send to the men. It was difficult for us here too, for any minute the wind might change, and within five minutes the fire could reach us. Edwin Meek's house at Ford Springs was dangerously close to the fire, so his wife and babies were sent to the post office early in the day.

We did not see the boys till Monday; they were fighting the fire all the time. There was a fire-break for miles, which had to be patrolled day and night. The fire kept getting away, and at one time Alec Mackenzie, Hobby's captain, had the toughest hour and a half of his life when the fire broke in three places at once. Alec, who is the best bushman of these parts, did magnificent service, organising all along the fire-front and fighting at the most critical spots. For all his Scotch granite he broke down on Sunday night. He had seen sights too much for him.

Sunday was a very bad day; the fire seemed to us to be about sixty miles long, and the smoke rose sky-high. It enveloped us, and burnt leaves and rubbish were blown on to our haystacks.

Continued on page 2

GERMAN YOUTH AND ALCOHOL

Must Give It Up to be Efficient

Many who do not like the philosophy of the Nazis will be deeply interested in the new phase it now appears to be taking. We take this from a speech by the Nazi leader of the Labour Front, Dr Ley, at a Nazi conference at Frankfurt.

In the fight against alcohol, said Dr Ley, Nazis should not sink to sanctioning methods. He himself had not formerly abstained from drink and nicotine, and had smiled when anyone inveighed against them. Five years ago, however, he had abandoned the use of both, not because he was ill, but because he realised that he was faced with the alternative either of doing his job properly or seeing his powers hampered by alcohol and tobacco.

He did not believe that it was possible to practise moderation in that matter. One must be radically abstinent. An appeal must therefore be made to the sense of honour of German youth. They should give up drinking and smoking not merely because it was harmful to health, but because it was unmanly. The old order of society, with its students' corps and officers' clubs, had done harm to German manhood and had taught the people a double standard of morality. Leaders of the State and Party, above all, must oppose stimulants, and the Church should be more active in the fight against alcohol.

The Flag Over Richborough Again

The Union Jack is flying over Richborough again, the first time for 22 years. It flies today as the symbol of peace; in those terrible days it was a symbol of war.

The purpose of the new camp at Richborough has already been stated in the C.N., but there are two further interesting facts about this camp for refugees on which the Lord Baldwin Fund is to spend £80,000 a year. The first is that many of the Germans and Austrians working there fought against us in the war, and can show the wounds received in the defence of the fatherland which has now driven them out. The other fact is that the London architect who is organising this camp is the very man who designed the kitchens and dining-rooms used by Kitchener's soldiers at Richborough during the war. He is Mr Ernest Joseph, the architect of Shell-Mex House which dominates the Thames Embankment.

The Great Truth

By Our Ambassador in Berlin

This is from a speech made by the British Ambassador at Cologne, where a German-English Society has been formed.

Since I returned to Berlin it has been said to me more than once: "What guarantee have we that your armaments will not be used later for a deliberate attack on Germany?"

To that question Lord Halifax gave a very convincing reply only a week or so ago in the House of Lords. There is (he said) no party and no statesman in England who would for one moment contemplate aggressive war or who could ever get any support from our people for such a policy.

That again is a great truth, and those who believe to the contrary must be singularly ignorant of the character and mentality of the British people. It is just as much a self-evident fact to every Englishman as is the other side of the picture—namely, that every British party and statesman and individual would in self-defence always be compelled to resist by force any threat to their own independence or to their vital interests.

The Wonderful Reed and What We Owe to It

SCHOLARS in London have been handling the oldest text of the New Testament known to exist.

It is written on papyrus which is believed by the experts to be more than 1700 years old, two centuries older than the oldest vellum copy of the New Testament.

These new-old papyrus writings were discovered in Egypt only eight years ago. The ordinary papyrus work is found in rolls, some of them over a hundred feet long; but this one is preserved flat, leaf upon leaf, like the pages of a modern book.

A papyrus is a sheet of paper-like material made from split rushes, the strips being laid side by side and then knit together by laying smaller strips across the back. These were laid in Nile water, which was supposed to work magic by causing the whole to

unite into a single sheet. Modern research has proved that it was the presence of a sugary substance in the reed itself that caused the strips to unite and become one.

To that quality in the Nile reed we owe the papyrus which has preserved the Bible as a written document; we owe to it also our masterpieces from the ancient classics and the marvellous literature we have from Egypt—history, letters, poetry, romances, legends. The papyrus sheets, smoothed and levelled, were the paper of writers for thousands of years. Papyrus was the only writing material until the coming of parchment; and its characters, written in ink obtained from the cuttlefish or from charcoal made from charred bones, has remained fresh and legible in the dry soil of Egypt throughout the ages.

The Autogiro Jumps Aloft

The autogiro was long known as the windmill plane, but in its latest form jumping giro exactly fits it.

The C.N. has already described how it can leap vertically from the ground for several feet and then climb at an amazingly steep angle. It can descend almost vertically and come to rest on land without a run.

One of the new two-seater machines was demonstrated the other day on a cricket ground at Camberley. Obstacles surround the ground, which is only 110 yards by 150, and in leaping off on one occasion the pilot realised that he would not be able to clear some trees at the edge of the ground. So he brought the machine to earth almost at the spot he had just left. It was also shown that the machine could operate from and alight on furrowed land.

It is this ability of the machine to operate from broken surfaces and confined spaces that interests the Army, which is considering the jumping giro for communication work behind the lines.

Darby and Joan

Two lovable old folks have just passed on within a few hours of each other at Formby in Lancashire. They were Mr J. Yates, aged 84, and his wife, aged 77. Everyone knew them as Darby and Joan, and every good cause knew their helping hand. Living in Formby all their lives, they grew up together, married, and now have passed on together.

THE GREAT FOREST FIRE

Continued from page 1

On Monday the wind worked round to the east and began to blow the fire back on itself. That was our salvation. A light rain also helped. Until that change of wind it looked as if the fire would have burnt its way through to the coast. On Tuesday the boys returned home, worn-out through their exertions. They had worked with a fine spirit and courage. It has been a very anxious time, especially for our menfolk. Nobody had any rest during those three days.

On Friday we went to Trunkay and saw the track of the fire. There were miles and miles of desolation; forests destroyed, pastures burnt out, fences gone, homesteads wrecked. Trees and logs were still burning. In places the fire had jumped from one hill to another, missing part of the valley between; that was how some of the stock escaped. But great numbers of sheep and cattle perished, while yards of poultry were suffocated by the heat and smoke.

We saw a solitary kangaroo—the only one left, it seemed—looking forlornly for its comrades or searching for food. Have we not a tremendous amount to be thankful for, and wasn't it wonderful that there was no more loss of life than one old prospector in the miles swept by the fire in our part of Australia?

News From the South Pole

The South Pole is to become a busy place; a station is to be set up there for observing the weather.

Mr Lincoln Ellsworth, who has flown over it or past it twice, has announced his intention of going there for this purpose if he can find anyone to join him in this rather perilous enterprise. It seems strange to find the South Pole, which 20 years ago no man had seen, likely to become reported daily.

It may not come about for some time, but meanwhile Mr Ellsworth has sold his polar ship to the Commonwealth for meteorological observations afloat. Sir Douglas Mawson, who once spent months on a shore of the Antarctic continent where 80-mile-an-hour blizzards came down from the Pole nearly every day, will advise how best the ship can be used.

A Word to the Wise

*Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.*

East Africa would have made a fine stage for one of W. S. Gilbert's topsyturvy plays. The Native prisoners at Dar-es-Salaam gaol went on strike.

Their grievance was that they had to get up so early to begin the day's work, but a visiting justice put matters right by pointing out to them the health-giving effects of early rising. It worked like an advertisement of somebody's remedy for sleeplessness, and they went back cheerfully to the early resumption of their daily task.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The island of Foula, 16 miles west of the Shetland Mainland, has lately been isolated for 32 days by stormy weather.

A Hampshire woman who has lately passed away was postman 70 years ago and used to receive a penny for every letter she delivered.

This summer there will be a British plane service every two hours in each direction between London and Paris.

The Horse and Pony Club is planning Easter horseback tours, for which the sign of George the Third on horseback has been set up at 200 country inns having adequate stabling.

It is revealed that in consequence of a public economy in 1931 about 50 million young trees had to be destroyed by the Forestry Commission.

The unemployed in this country fell last month by over 140,000.

The War Office is to send a column of armoured vehicles on tour for six weeks; it will travel a thousand miles.

Eleven Spanish Republican warships deserted from Cartagena and gave themselves up to the French at Bizerta in Tunisia, where they were interned.

The Morris factory has lately been producing nearly 600 cars a day.

Pagham Harbour, near Bognor, is likely to be developed as the new base for the Empire flying-boat services.

The Dollar in the Post

A bright silver dollar found itself among the letters and parcels in a country post office in Pennsylvania the other day.

The coin had a stamp stuck on one side and the address written in tiny letters on a piece of sticky paper on the other, the sender evidently having great faith in the honesty of the postal authorities!

THINGS SEEN

The policeman in a Kent village giving a tea-party to 40 refugees.

A 25-foot python waking from its November sleep at the Zoo.

His old chestnut mare at the funeral of the last of the Blackheath cabbies.

THINGS SAID

We are living in a rather blackguardly world. Mr Herbert Morrison, M.P.

I trust your Excellency will toast on my behalf his Excellency Mr Chamberlain, with the sweet clear water of the Thames. Crown Prince of Yemen to Mr Malcolm MacDonald

Peace is only assured when England is in a position to defend herself.

British Ambassador in Berlin

There are over 300 foreign scientists now in the British Empire, five of them Nobel prizemen. Dr Inge

We are scarcely in a position to supply Germany with the most necessary foodstuffs and minor luxuries.

Dr Goebbels

Courage and efficiency, with emotion well under control and dominated by a high ideal, are the qualities most needed in this dangerous age. Dr William Brown

THE BROADCASTER

A TRAMP has handed to the police £2 he picked up in Buckinghamshire.

THE East End Mission raised £549 by a three-day bazaar at Stepney.

THERE are now 150 British Committees for finding homes for child refugees.

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES are receiving 150 child exiles from Germany.

March 18, 1939

The Children's Newspaper

3

Schoolboy Builders • Waterloo Bridge • An Alpine Scene



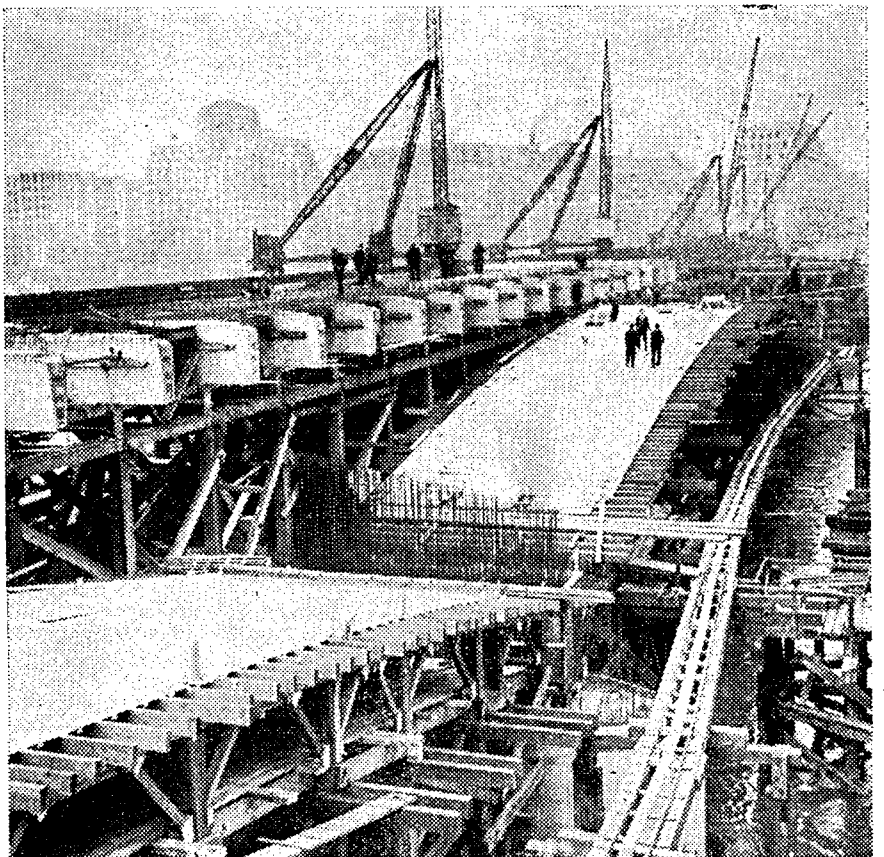
The Young Builders—The boys of Holmer Green School, near Amersham, are handy men. Here some of them are helping to build an extension to their school



Spring in the Alps—A rest by the wayside during a Sunday morning walk in Switzerland



Our Guests—Refugees from Vienna who are being trained in farming by the Society of Friends, near Brecon in South Wales, before emigrating



Waterloo Bridge—It is expected that London's new bridge across the Thames will be open for traffic by June next year. Here we see the bridge as it is today

A GOLDEN RULE AT WORK IN CHINA

Helping 50 Million People to Help Themselves

In this time of trial, with her land invaded and the industries along her coast destroyed by the Japanese, the very life of China depends on the ability of her people to adapt themselves to new conditions sensibly and quickly.

The most cheerful news we have read from the Far East in many months tells us that the age-old wisdom of the Chinese is meeting the challenge; industry is getting on its feet again in the Western Provinces, and the unemployment problem is being dealt with in a way we must admire for its simplicity and intelligence.

The scheme, which was first started, with Government approval, some 18 months ago, is this. A crescent-shaped section of the interior of China, 2000 miles long and covering ten provinces, was divided into four zones, and to each zone was sent its own set of organisers. These organisers had 50,000,000 refugees needing work to rely on, and a population needing almost everything one can think of from candles to coats. A certain amount of machinery for manufacturing purposes had been saved from bombardment and carried to the interior.

The Group System

The organisers go to a town or a district, open an office, and put up posters asking groups of destitute workers to report to the office and state their skill. Meanwhile the organisers talk to local officials and find out what industries are most wanted in that place, and what raw materials are available. When a group of workers comes forward and says, "We can make pots" or "We can tan hides," or whatever it is, the organisers lend them the money to buy what they need in the way of tools and materials. The workers elect their own leader, decide on the wage rates for their group (with the understanding that dividends will be paid each worker if the venture succeeds), and set to work.

The smallest group must have seven members; the majority have 30 or 40. They are called Industrial Cooperatives. They already include a great variety of undertakings, such as cloth-making, printing, metal and leather working; match, candle, and soap making; mining, chemical industries, and boat-building. New types of workers are being drawn into the scheme almost daily.

Help From Abroad

Like so many of the best things in the world, this excellent plan is hampered for want of adequate funds. The Executive Yuan allows it to draw on a Capital Fund, on which the workers must pay interest; and friends from foreign lands have started a Special Fund from which grants can be made outright in special cases. The International Alliance of Trade Unions in Paris has contributed 10,000 dollars to this. Leading Chinese and foreign experts from New Zealand and America are working side by side to develop this simple and practical plan to enable China to care for her destitute millions and supply her own needs as rapidly as possible. They hope that before this year ends they will have 30,000 of these cooperative groups firmly established and paying their way.

Pussy in the Wing

When a plane on a Queensland air service arrived at Mackay the other day a peculiar noise was heard coming from one wing. Mechanics were baffled, and after a time it was decided to dismantle the wing. While this was being done out jumped a black cat, which had apparently found its way inside the wing and travelled as a stowaway.

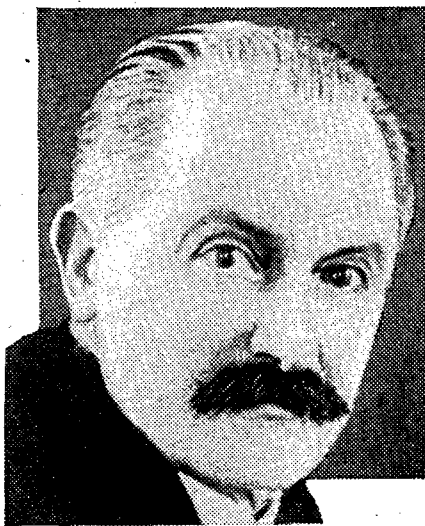
PRESIDENT LEBRUN

He Stands For France

A STRONG AND STEADY SPIRIT

PRESIDENT ALBERT LEBRUN comes to London as the representative and head of the French Republic and as a citizen of France whom we delight to honour.

He has other claims on our admiration and esteem, as a statesman and a man. He has guided the destinies of France through seven years fraught with difficulty and danger. The danger has come from within as well as without. Strikes and labour troubles have been the signs of a popular discontent which has overthrown Ministry after Ministry. France has been shaken by the power politics of her chief rival in



Europe, and has had to bear the threats of a country which was allied to her in the war.

Yet President Lebrun was never implicated in the popular disapproval so freely expressed against his Ministers, and it would be true to say that the perils on three fronts of France, which at last cemented the country in its resistance to foreign bluster, strengthened his position with his countrymen. He stood among them for the just and tenacious man whom no tumult can shake from the solid base of his integrity.

He was elected President in 1932 by such an overpowering majority as almost to justify the declaration that his election by the National Assembly was unanimous, and he took office at a time that was hardly less troublous in France itself than today.

President Doumer had been struck down by an insane Russian while on his way to open a sale and exhibition of books for the benefit of French soldiers. He died two days after, and a thrill of horror and dismay

New York's Pals

It is difficult to keep up with the many combinations of the alphabet that have taken on new significance in Russia, America, and even in our own country of recent years. But the one we find easiest to remember is the organisation called P A L, the Police Athletic League of New York City.

This league, now three years old, organises games, contests, excursions, and entertainments among the children on the play streets of the city; 75,000 children belong, and are learning through their membership that a boy's best friend is very often a policeman.

ran through France. Yet then, as now, an hour of crisis brought out the greatness of soul that resides in France and makes her rise to great occasions.

All political rivalries were stilled, public disturbances ceased, and in an atmosphere of calm the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies went on to the business of electing, in Albert Lebrun, another President cast in the same mould as President Doumer. France has persistently chosen as her Chief of State men who have sprung from modest beginnings and have risen to the highest office by sheer merit. The sons of a metal founder, of a small farmer, of a magistrate's clerk have served France as Presidents. President Albert Lebrun is like them in the modesty of his origin and pretensions. When he took his high office he said he would take up the torch carried by Doumer and continue in his tradition. He has done so.

Good Servant of France

If he had been a Member of Parliament in England it would have been said of him that he was a good party man. He served in the Chamber of Deputies and Senate for 32 years, winning the respect of his fellow senators during the years he presided over the House. He was equally popular in the Chamber of Deputies, and the Ministerial posts that fell to him excited no envy of his good fortune among colleagues who observed in him a desire to serve their interests rather than his own promotion. Minister of War, Minister of the Colonies, and a colleague of President Poincaré during the stabilisation of the franc, he has served France in many capacities with a fidelity and steadfastness that have won for him her unswerving confidence.

We may recall that he stood with the Prince of Wales on Thiepval, the silent spur above the large and dismal plain of Picardy, to dedicate the memorial to those who fell on the Somme. Yesterday, he said then, this was a vast charnel house; today it is a place of pilgrimage and peace. All the efforts here could surely not have been in vain; and, he ended, France's fervent desire is for peace, and the aim of her service to embrace the welfare of the whole of humanity.

A French President is not a Dictator, though his powers are wide and his decisions final. He is the power behind the will of France, to register and give effect to her aims and policy. In the person of President Lebrun aims and policy alike are on the side of peace.

The Independent Spirits

Every day in a town in Pennsylvania a man may be seen spending several hours sweeping the street in which he lives.

He is an old Italian labourer and he does it as payment to his adopted country for the relief money it sends him every week. "It makes my bread taste sweet," he says. "I feel like a man because I work for it."

From Milwaukee comes news of another independent spirit who is keeping his faith in himself. He is an unemployed machinist who refuses to take money from the Government and takes in washing to support his family.

CELLULOID AGAIN

The Chance That Saved Angela

Last Sunday our Town Girl went to see some friends in Hampstead.

Angela, aged eight, was home for half-term. Usually Angela is dancing and singing and skipping about the house, but this morning she sat soberly in the bay window. There was a queer smell in the room.

"Is Angela ill?" the visitor asked the child's mother.

"No, she is thinking. I imagine she is wondering what it is like to be dead. It is only by chance that she isn't."

Our Town Girl, who has read of so many deaths in the C N, put two and two together at once.

"Celluloid toy!" she said.

"Yes; how did you know?" asked the mother.

"It is always that," said the visitor.

"There ought to be a law against them," said the mother, and then the whole story came out.

Angela had come down to breakfast in her dressing-gown, not the good all-wool dressing-gown she has at school, but the cheap flannelette one they keep at home. After breakfast she had begun to play with the toy theatre she had arranged in the corner.

"Come, Angela, you must not play about like that; run upstairs and get dressed," said her mother. Angela, absorbed in her task, thought this very hard lines, but her mother insisted, and it was this firmness that surely saved the child's life.

The Little Fairy Doll

For the chief character in the play she had made up was a fairy doll saved from the top of the Christmas tree, and this pretty little thing had a dent in it. When Angela came downstairs again, properly dressed, she examined her fairy doll carefully and decided that heat gently applied might take the dent out, so she held her little doll by the fire to experiment. Before she could say Jack Robinson there was an explosion, and she was holding furiously leaping flames. She screamed and dropped the horror. The upholstered seats on the fender caught fire, but the family quickly ran in and extinguished the flames, and the frightened child got off with little more than a scorch mark or two. "But if she had been still in that cheap, ripply dressing-gown she would have been wrapped at once in the flames," her mother explained.

That evening, we are glad to report, Angela sorted out the accumulation of treasures in her toy-box, laid aside all that were made of celluloid, and asked to have them handed over to the gardener to be destroyed in a safe way.

Will every reader who shares our thankfulness that Angela is still alive please do the same today?

The Adventure of Sir Lancelot

The little railway station of Ruk found itself making headlines in Indian newspapers not long ago.

The Governor of Sind, Sir Lancelot Graham, was making a tour of the province in his special train, which happened to stop at Ruk very early one morning. Sir Lancelot, who never misses his morning stroll if he can help it, put on a policeman's overcoat, jumped out of his carriage, and strode off on his own. When he arrived back at the station he found that his train had gone off without him!

After a great deal of explaining Sir Lancelot at last managed to make the station staff understand that he was the Governor, even though he happened to have a policeman's overcoat on, and in less than an hour the train came puffing back into Ruk to pick him up.

THE CUCKOO EXPERT

It is too early for the cuckoo to be heard in the land, but it will not be long before she is with us again.

One man in England will welcome her especially, for he has spent years in studying her habits.

He is Mr Edgar Chance, a city merchant who has long been getting up early and going to bed late to learn all he can of one of the shyest of our birds. He is said to be the only man to have seen a young cuckoo hatch out of the egg; and he declares that the parent bird will watch a chosen nest for five days before laying her egg in it. This egg in almost every instance matches in colour the other eggs in the nest.

A LINK WITH R L S

There has passed on at Peebles the daughter of the famous John Tod, the roaring shepherd of Swanston with whom Robert Louis Stevenson used to roam the Pentland Hills, immortalising him in Memories and Portraits. She was Mrs Alexander Fairbairn, and a little while ago she took part in a broadcast from the birthplace of Robert Louis Stevenson.

SAVING UP THE PENNIES

Most people say they are saving for the rainy days ahead; but surely it is as good, and far more hopeful, to say we are saving for the good days. The children of Manchester and Salford have certainly been saving up, whatever sort of days are coming, for they have deposited the splendid total of £141,000 in the Penny Savings Bank. Most of the money is collected from the boys and girls at the council schools.

KINGS AND THEIR MONEY

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which is to be scrapped and replaced by a modern vessel, has had an interesting career.

During her 40 years she has flown the standards of four sovereigns. A three-masted vessel of 4700 tons, she has three coins at the base of each mast, the coin-layers having been Queen Victoria, King Edward the Seventh, and King George the Fifth. The Queen and King Edward deposited a five-shilling piece, a sovereign, and a penny, but for some reason King George made his penny a half-crown. (Perhaps he had not a penny in his pocket!)

The Victoria and Albert is a coal-burning ship now antiquated and out of date. She is uneconomical, requiring a large crew to run and maintain her.

Designs for her successor will shortly be submitted by leading yacht designers, and on these the ultimate plan of the new royal yacht will be based.

A WATCH ON BEN LOMOND

We have heard of the Watch on the Rhine, but it is news that there has been a watch of another kind on Ben Lomond.

It seems that early one morning not long ago a lawyer climbed Ben Lomond, reached the top, and stood admiring the view. After a few minutes he caught sight of something glittering in the newly-fallen snow, and to his surprise he found it was a wrist watch. It was ticking away merrily enough, and, having picked it up, the lawyer looked round for someone to whom he might return it. But no one was in sight.

How did the watch come to be on the top of a mountain? It is a little puzzle the police would like to solve.

TWO POUNDS A MINUTE

A Leeds vicar has been earning two pounds a minute.

The other day he sat in his church at Moor Allerton from seven in the morning till late at night, and during his 14-hour vigil he gathered no less than £1708 in aid of a building scheme. His first gift arrived before many folk were out of bed, and his biggest donation was a cheque for £100. The smallest was one of four halfpennies in a child's box.

A Planetarium For Blackpool?

Is Lancashire going to beat London?

It looks as if this may be so, for the Blackpool Council has been making inquiries about the erection of a planetarium, and if one should be built on the Pembroke Estate there England will have what she should have had long ago.

The C N sincerely hopes that Blackpool will give itself a planetarium. If London cannot afford one, perhaps hard-hit Lancashire is rich enough? Certainly it is high time that we in this country should be able to see the panorama of the heavens as thousands of people in Germany and Russia and America have witnessed it.

It will be strange if our first planetarium rises in the playground of the north, for this scientific marvel is not

FIVE ROMANS

What are thought to be the skeletons of five Romans have been unearthed at Salmonsbury Camp, near Broadway in Worcestershire. They were brought to light by workmen who were digging trenches in connection with a water scheme, and were found about four feet below the surface and 100 yards outside the ramparts of the camp. An iron urn which may once have held charred human bones was found with them.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

A century ago a number of doctors examined a little patient, shook their heads gravely, and after consultation declared that Mary Jane Stubbins had only a short time to live.

As it happened they were wrong, for Mary, who was then seven, lived another 100 years before breathing her last at Richmond in Surrey. She was a wonderful old lady. At 84 she had a stroke and made a complete recovery. At 99 she broke a thigh, but was soon well again. A grand-niece of John Constable, she loved her life, and in spite of the doctors she had long length of days before she passed away not long ago.

THE RECORDER BAND

"O! the recorders; let me see one," Hamlet says. He could go to West Leeds High School and hear a whole band of these fine old English flutes, for the girls there have now formed such a band, as we see in the picture below. Shakespeare knew these instruments, and refers to them in A Midsummer Night's Dream.



The Music Circle

West Leeds High School recorder band at practice

an amusing show. It is one of the most impressive and spectacular dramas ever staged; and all who take their place in a planetarium and look up at a perfect reproduction of the night sky come away humbled by the great experience. To see the stars in their courses, to watch the centuries falling back till the sky above our heads is a copy of the sky when the Wise Men followed the star to Bethlehem, to be whirled in spirit beyond the Milky Way and on into the depths of space, is to learn something of the magnitude of the universe in which we live, and to realise the vastness and wonder of worlds without end.

We pray that Blackpool will go ahead and lead the way for England.

A LITTLE THING

A small incident may have a surprisingly big result.

The truth of this was illustrated at West Hartlepool the other day when an inquisitive mouse scrambled into the plug-hole of an electric coal-cutter at Thornley Colliery. Mickey Mouse caused a short-circuit, and the short-circuit put the machine out of action, upset the coal-conveying arrangements, made a rearrangement of work in the pit necessary, and accounted for the loss of 100 tons of coal.

THE CAT IN THE PIGEON LOFT

The pet cat of Mrs Newman Dunkley, of High Street, Towcester, Northants, was lost. Mr Bert Townsend found it in his pigeon loft not far away, where it had brought into the world a family of fine kittens. The pigeons were unharmed.

THE BOOK OF 30,000 NAMES

Shakespeare gave us Love's Labour's Lost, but Canon John Solloway of Selby has by love's labour saved a rare treasure for England.

For five years he has devoted his spare time to the copying of the oldest parish register belonging to Selby Abbey. One of the oldest in the north of England, and certainly one of the most valuable in the country, it has 30,000 names, and goes back to 1579. Every year many people, including Americans, ask to see it to trace family names back to Queen Elizabeth's day. Selby's registers are a wonderful collection of forty volumes.

A FAMOUS HYMN

It is 150 years this week since the writer of one of our most famous hymns was born.

She was Charlotte Elliott, who came into the world on March 17, 1789. She wrote humorous verse when quite young, but after a long and serious illness devoted her talent to writing hymns and religious poems. Her most famous hymn was Just as I am.

WALT DISNEY'S SUCCESS

It seems that Walt Disney's presentation of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs has been an unrivalled success. The film has made a tour of 41 countries and has been produced in ten languages. During its eight-week run in New York it was seen by 800,000 people, and it ran for 35 weeks in London, 31 weeks in Paris, and 16 weeks in Stockholm. Still more amazing was the success of the film version in book form, over 22,000,000 copies having been sold, which means that 50,000 copies have been bought every day. More than two million Snow White dolls have been sold.

THE LIGNITE IN THE CELLAR

Chance the other day revealed a quantity of lignite in a London coal-cellar. Nobody remembers how it got there, whether it was accepted during a strike as a substitute for coal, or whether it arrived as fuel during the war.

In spite of its long neglect it burned with a fierce heat, although quickly breaking down into powder. To witness its conversion into glowing heat made the watchers reflect on its origin and properties.

It is wood or peat on the way to becoming coal. Either time or pressure was insufficient to complete the change, yet, imperfect as it is, lignite is a great source of energy, and a reservoir of paraffin and fats, which we call mineral tallow or mineral wax, from which chemists make many invaluable substances, including a splendid insulator for electrical conductors.

SNOWDROPS FOR THE BALDWIN FUND

The Baldwin Fund is now well over £400,000. This shows how deeply the conscience of the country has been moved by the heartless cruelties in Germany.

There have been some big gifts of course, but among the smaller ones is that of a girl in Wiltshire who sent £5 as a result of picking and selling snowdrops.

JOHN SMALL'S GREAT FAMILY

Just 150 years ago a sergeant of the Black Watch refused to give up his kilt for breeches on being transferred to London.

The doughty Scot was Sergeant John Small. As a punishment he was drafted to New South Wales among the soldiers who guarded the first convict settlers.

Soon after he reached Sydney he married, and it is said that his daughter was the first child born to white parents married in Australia. Sergeant Small received the first grant of land made at Ryde, now a popular suburb. Today Alderman R. W. Small of the Ryde Council, great-great-grandson of the sergeant, occupies the house built by John Small in 1812. There are now 750 living descendants of Australia's first Mr and Mrs Small.

THE GENTLEMAN AT THE COUNTER

One of our literary weeklies has been asking its readers to define the perfect gentleman. It seems a pity that the Yorkshire woman who keeps a shop near Leeds did not send up her views along with others of a more pretentious nature. When the new vicar was being discussed over her counter she boldly declared that he was a gentleman. She was sure of it. "How do I know?" she demanded sternly. "Of course I know; he must be a gentleman—he never counts his change."

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 18

1939

What of the Empire?

SOMETHING more is promised to Barbados than the settlement of its labour troubles.

The Royal Dutch Airlines have offered to link it with the other West Indian islands and the outside world.

The offer is typical of the contrast between the interest felt in our colonies by the Homeland and by the rest of the world. The rest of the world, Holland included, is looking into the colonies to see where there is any profit in developing them.

Some nations are going farther and hinting that they could develop our colonies a great deal faster and more profitably than we do. They point to the vast undeveloped spaces under our control, and ask why they should not take a hand in improving them. It is true that their interest is not unselfish: they want colonies for their own benefit, not for the benefit of those inhabiting them.

Still, the world keeps moving, and sooner or later it will ask for an account of British stewardship. What are we doing, what have we done, what are we going to do, with the abundance of talents placed in our charge? What of the bad lands of Australia? What of the discontented natives of Basutoland and other parts of South Africa? What of Barbados and the West Indies?

A hundred years ago England made the splendid sacrifice of freeing the slaves. At that time many English merchants took a deep interest in the West Indies, because it was there their treasure lay. With the freeing of the slaves the treasure dwindled, and our care for the welfare of the islands has been dwindling ever since.

Barbados has been left in a far from splendid isolation to work out its own salvation; and the situation of the other West Indian islands does not differ greatly. In short, the situation in the West Indies, which has been far from creditable on more than one occasion to our statesmanship or good sense, only awakens interest when a crisis arises there.

Such a crisis arose with the recent strikes and threats of worse to come. We endeavoured to put things right by the usual method of sending out a Royal Commission to inquire into grievances. Fortunately the Commission numbered among its members Sir Walter Citrine, a labour leader with a shrewd and balanced understanding. He will do good. But the best can never be done for our dependencies till we realise our complete responsibility for them.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Peace, Peace

IT is worth while remembering two things that have been said of late:

Herr Hitler, January 30

Cooperation between Germany and Britain, in full confidence with one another, would be fortunate for the whole world.

Mr Chamberlain, February 22

I can think of nothing which would conduce more greatly to the establishment of world peace.

All who agree, please do something about it.

The Pope's Motto

THE new Pope has marked his succession to his great office by making an appeal to the world for Peace which may be summed up in the motto he is said to have chosen, *Opus Justitiae Pax*, Peace is the Work of Justice.

The Path to Peace is made plain in these words. Where and when Justice reigns there can be no discontent, no fear, and no war. Seek Justice and the rest shall be added to you. It is a motto for all the world.

Our Oldest Reader

THE C N has lost probably its oldest reader by the passing of Miss Elizabeth Wray, the old lady of Platt Bridge, Wigan. Miss Wray would have been 100 this year. Every week she read three papers, the Wigan Observer to tell her about Wigan, the Church of England Newspaper to tell her of the Church, and the C N to keep her young. She was much beloved.

The Letter

A C N reader has sent us this little story about a letter which arrived just as the master of the house was about to get up from the breakfast table and put on his coat and hat.

"Where is it from?" his wife asked him. "Skye," he said; and neither father nor mother could help smiling at the small voice which came from the fireside where the little daughter was warming her toes:

"Is it from God, Daddy?"

Under the Editor's Table

SOME people come into money. But most have to go out and earn it.

A CORRESPONDENT fears a neighbour's tree may fall on his greenhouse. He shouldn't get the wind up.

SOME people don't mind taking a back seat. So long as there is nobody in front.

SOMEONE has been twenty years compiling a dictionary. When he finished words failed him.

A CERTAIN town has only one solicitor. A certain solicitor.

AS a race we allow the weather to dominate us, says a speaker. He thinks umbrellas should be put down.

Yesterday and Tomorrow

THE world moves so fast now that Yesterday goes into the museum of Tomorrow.

In the Science Museum at South Kensington the Bristol Bulldog fighter aircraft, which for 12 years had been the standard single-seater of the Royal Air Force, takes its place as a museum piece.

We used to deposit hansom cabs as relics of the past in the museums; now we deposit aeroplanes, and the Bristol wonder, with all the marvellous ingenuity of its all-metal construction, becomes the modest companion of the first Wright plane.

They have become genuine antiques, like the coach in the neighbouring Victoria and Albert Museum in which a nobleman went to Court. Before another generation has gone by they will be as much things of the past as the Roman chariot.

The Pig's Diary

SELF-GOVERNMENT is a new idea in many schools of Central Europe, and the methods the pupils adopt to get results sometimes show a delightful originality.

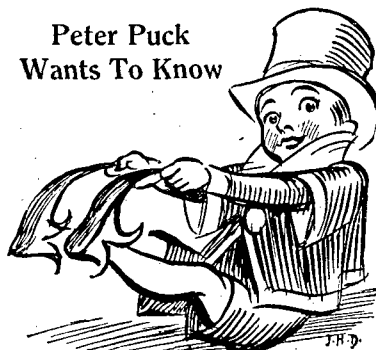
We have just heard of a school in Hungary where the Junior Red Cross members have embarked on a Cleanliness Campaign. They were having considerable difficulty in securing the cooperation of their schoolmates until they installed a basin with soap, nail-brush, and towels, and beside them a copybook with PIG'S DIARY printed on it in big letters.

Children who came to school with dirty hands and faces were asked to remedy matters with the equipment provided and to write their names in the Pig's Diary. Four names went into the book the first day, but it has not been needed since.

JUST AN IDEA

How true, in these times of stress, are these words of Longfellow we were reading the other day. He that respects himself, says the poet, is safe from others; he wears a coat-of-mail that none can pierce.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a lift-boy's life is all ups and downs

Pools and Pins

THE Dominion Government of South Africa has banned football pools and gambling on pin tables.

This straightforward step is in striking contrast to the policy of the Dominion of Australia, which has long encouraged State Lotteries, and that of Ireland, where racing Sweeps help to pay the taxes.

It is also a lesson to the Mother Country, where football pools and gambling on pin tables by boys and girls in so-called "fun fairs" and cafés are fast becoming a national evil.

The pin table has brought on itself the condemnation of magistrates and probation officers, because boys have been charged with stealing money in order to gamble on these contrivances. It is more likely that boys who thus fall into temptation disburse the money they have pocketed on more substantial enjoyments.

But to condemn the pin table and wink at the football pools is folly as stupid as the gambling which they encourage. The pin table's takings are small, but the football pools absorb a good part of grown-up people's wages. The wage of the working man and the housekeeping money of his wife go down the drain, or, rather, into the pockets of the fabulously wealthy promoters.

It is time a Royal Commission on Lotteries shed the light of common sense on this scandal.

March

Springtime has always been an inspiration to the poets; and in this famous poem by Wordsworth we feel something of the thrill which March brings to the world.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping anon,
anon:

There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

Bluebell Hill

It's sixty years ago, folk say,
Since last I walked that sun-strewn way.
Delightful were those happy hours
Hunting the lanes for ferns and flowers.

That's sixty years ago, folk say:
To me it seems but yesterday.
And on my world fair Memory flings
Rare shadows of eternal things.

Egbert Sandford

DAISY BATES IN THE DARKENED TENT

A Sad Chapter in an Amazing Life

The latest letter to the Editor from Mrs Daisy Bates was in the usual neat Victorian handwriting, but there was something different about it.

The writing seemed bigger, like writing in the dark. Alas for that courageous old lady in her tent, though no longer among her aborigines, that is what it was. She was writing from a darkened tent. Nearing the end of last year her eyes suddenly failed her, and though a month in hospital restored her sight to a certain extent it is a darkened tent still for her.

It would seem a sad chapter in this amazing woman's life, but it is like her to fill it with hope and love and laughter. Not till halfway through the letter do we even learn of the darkness, so eager is she to tell us of the happiness coming to her from the little German colony among whom she has pitched her tent on the banks of the Murray River.

In the first place (where Mrs Bates herself always puts them) there are 30 or 40 children among these German settlers, whose courageously-faced hardships, mutual helpfulness, and loyalty to their adopted country we have already described in the C.N. These children alone are enough to bring joy into her life, and what she means to them we may guess from this incident.

A Kindly Conspiracy

When war threatened the world last autumn Mrs Bates determined that, come what might, the children should have a gay Christmas. Each week she contrived to put by a little from her meagre income. All the children were asked to write down four somethings they would like for themselves and also for their less lettered brothers and sisters. One out of each list was chosen to fit in with the small savings, and all were hung on a fine Christmas tree, at the lighting of which the only absent guest was Mrs Bates herself, too weak to go.

Each day while this weakness lasted the German postmistress walked the mile to the Englishwoman's tent to take her cooked foods and all she needed, though there was work waiting for her at home as well as at the post office. "That," says Mrs Bates, "is my dear German friendship."

"I miss the stars," she says, "and I miss the Bible I have had since I was seven, which is full of my summings-up of chapters through the years, but the print is now too small for me."

Mrs Bates had not even seen a copy of her book when she wrote last, but the postmistress had been reading the reviews to her. "We have great fun," says Mrs Bates, "over the words she cannot pronounce, and I continue her lessons from the C.N."

There we will leave these two, so near to us, and yet so far away.

The Queen's Speech

This admirable little speech was made by the Queen to the women helpers of Toc H at the Albert Hall.

This is a difficult time for the nation as a whole, and I have been much struck by the fact that it is those who are busy helping others and those who have some definite bit of constructive work on hand who are showing the qualities we need most today, namely, courage and steadiness of purpose.

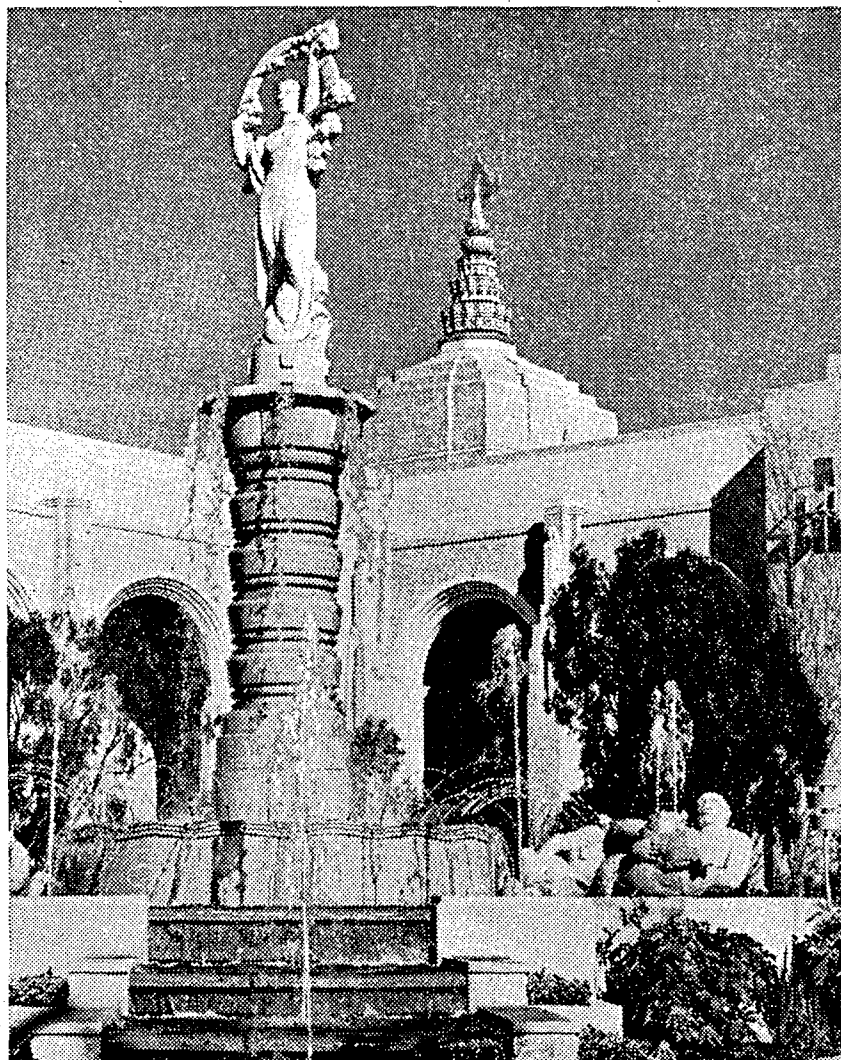
200 Men Wanted

Some of the news about our own country is rather like that of the Never-Never Land. There are millions of unemployed men, thousands of colliers among them, yet Bentley Colliery, which employs 3000 men, requires 200 skilled miners, but *cannot get them*.

Palaces of Treasure Island



The Tower of the Sun and groups of exhibition buildings reflected in a huge pool in the Treasure Garden



A corner of the Court of Flowers at the Golden Gate International Exposition, for which an island of 400 acres, known as Treasure Island, was created in San Francisco Bay

A Voice From Vienna Answered

To the many grown-up readers of the C.N. who have offered hospitality or other help to the man and his wife in Vienna whose despairing appeal we recently printed the Editor expresses his heartfelt thanks.

Two readers who live in the country have offered this couple domestic employment, and every effort is now being made to enable them to put this offer into effect. At the moment the path seems to bristle with rules and regulations, all hostile to our couple; but readers may rest assured that if they can be helped we shall find the way.

Meanwhile, the Society of Friends in Vienna, who have given most friendly assistance with our problem, write to ask if any of our readers care to extend their offer to other similar cases.

"We have many married couples on our books who have nowhere to look for

help except us," they say. "In some cases they are Roman Catholic or Protestant, but very often they are not members of any recognised church. *Such people can only be got over to England with a work permit for domestic work or else with a guarantee.*"

If any of our readers wish to answer this second Voice From Vienna will they please write directly to Kitty Parker, Society of Friends, Singerstrasse 16, Vienna I, Germany; or to the Germany Emergency Committee of the Society of Friends, Bloomsbury House, London, W.C.1. Only those who can offer genuine domestic employment with wages, or who are courageous enough to sign the rather formidable guarantees, should apply, for it is neither simple nor easy to be Christian and kind to fellow beings of other nationalities in distress just now.

CROWNED IN THE SIGHT OF ALL

Unprecedented Spectacle in Rome

THE POPE OF PEACE

The resolve of Pope Pius the Twelfth to be crowned in sight of all on the balcony of St Peter's was a dramatic witness of the change that has come over the world in our time.

We must all be struck with the thought of the priest walking beside him with a burning rope, chanting as it smoulders away, "Holy Father, thus pass away the glories of the world."

The papal coronation is an event to stir the world, with half a million people in the great piazza. No Dictator could command such an audience, drawn there by a pious zeal and by the knowledge that in the lifetime of none of them had such a scene been witnessed.

Free to Come and Go

The centuries must be searched to find a coronation of a pope taking place in the open air in front of St Peter's. By tradition its rites have been conducted inside the vast basilica, or even in the Sistine Chapel, which is a part of it. For nearly 70 years the only place where the Roman Catholic world could see or hear their Holy Father had been St Peter's. He was, in the accepted phrase which described the limits set on his authority and his liberty by the kingdom of Italy, "the Prisoner of the Vatican." There, in that narrow domain, he lived and died; from there his words reached the world outside.

Ten years ago this shadowy imprisonment came to an end by an agreement through the Duce with the Italian Government. The last Pope Pius was free to come and go. Freedom of speech was always his, and he exercised it (as the world has reason to remember) with unfaltering courage. But his successor has been the first to give a new significance to the liberty that was won, and to the new authority that has increased with it, by assuming the crown of St Peter in public.

The Dawn of a New Day

The old Pope passed away in the fullness of his long life, with the letter he had meant to address to his people left unfinished, but with the word Peace on his lips. It is right and just to say that to the new Pope, who was Cardinal Pacelli, the Secretary of State, the counsellor and disciple of Pius the Eleventh, the world looks for the same exhortation. It may well be that those who were present at his coronation saw in it the sign and token of the beginning of a new era. They might be the witnesses of the dawn of a new day.

Of his fidelity to that gospel of peace he has already given token in his first message to the world, to which he added an invitation to peace. He invited all men to have peace in their families, peace in their consciences, and peace between nations by friendly collaboration and cordial understandings, for the sake of the higher interests of the great human family.

An Impartial Counsellor

Pius the Twelfth is no advocate of this or that political doctrine. He is the unbiased counsellor of all. He is an impartial friend and a trained diplomatist. His election to the highest and most permanent office in the world should be welcomed by all, and we in this country greet him with confidence as a friend of Peace who will not fail us. The immediate need is to bring about a greater harmony between the Church and those States who have endeavoured to stand outside. That is, therefore, the way he must choose to Peace; and the same balance of mind, and of counsel, will assist him in bringing reconciliation to the warring factions of Spain.

Freedom's Island in the Middle of the World

THERE never was another land like ours. There never was a land that Nature made so well, that Freedom loved so well.

There never was a land which sent out such a breed of men to make the earth a pleasant place. There never was a land more fair to see, with its gates as open to the world as the hearts of its people. There never was a land which gave itself so freely, so ungrudgingly, for all the world.

It is worth while to think a little about the way this land was made, the fashioning of it through the years and the setting of it in the middle of the world, a place of hope and rest and refuge for the race of men, a central beacon shining on the earth.

If we could rise high enough in space to look down on Little Treasure Island with the eye of an eagle our Motherland would seem to us so broken up in pieces that we might imagine some giant had been sprinkling islands from a pepper-box. There are more than five thousand British islands if we count them all.

Britain Linked With Europe

Often they are small rocky crags, unpeopled and mostly barren of wild life; but they are the peaks of the great natural base of Britain, the submerged hills on which strange creatures may have climbed in the days when men could walk from Rome to London on dry land—though neither Rome nor London had then come into being.

Down to the Ice Age Britain was still linked with the mainland of Europe, and processions of animals must have walked here from the forests and plains of Europe. Men have found on the floor of the North Sea remnants of animals that crossed it when the land was dry, and we know that *plants are growing still in these islands which began in seeds which these animals brought with them.*

And then, in the great processes of Evolution, this plain across which the animals came sank down so that the sea rushed in. The mighty waves cut out for themselves a path between the seas, and formed the Strait of Dover.

It was not so very long ago in the ages of geology that these islands were made; the geologists in speaking of it say that the British Islands are "a recent continental island group," by which they mean that, rather late in the period when the earth was shaping, a fragment broke off the European continent and divided itself until it seems today like a broken-up roadway. Time and tide, wind and rain, frost and heat, have broken into five thousand pieces this fragment of the continent.

The Shallow Strait of Dover

Fragment after fragment disappeared, and the sea rushed in to hold what it had won; and so, as time and tide went on, Britain was shattered in pieces, like the Portland Vase. In some cases deep channels separate the islands; in other parts the sea-ways are shallow, as in the Strait of Dover, which is seven hundred times broader than it is deep. If St Paul's

Cathedral were set on the bottom of the Strait the dome would stand out above the waters.

Time and tide go on. Twice every day since these five thousand hilltops of Britain were isolated the tides sweep up to the islands, advancing up the lower reaches of the rivers and occupying them till they become mere arms of the sea. The ocean of water has a faithful ally in the ocean of air. Along the surface of the waters sweep the waves that carve away the land; along the bed of the ocean of air sweep the waves of wind and mist that erode the hills and pour rains on the tops to flow down and carve valleys between the peaks. Frost expands the rain that falls in the crevices of rocks, and breaks off new fragments until the heights are brought low and another way is made for the sea to pour in.

A Wondrous Chapter

But there is another wondrous chapter to be told of the things that time and tide have done for us. They made us into islands long ago, but they have made us something more, for *they have put us in the very middle of the world, unique among the nations, the envy and wonder of the earth.*

Think of our natural situation. The earth is one-third land and two-thirds water. If we take up a globe, and look down on the North Pole so that we can see the top half of the world with nearly all the land on it, we realise a wonderful thing. In the very centre of the land there comes peeping out of the waters our Little Treasure Island.

Nowhere else on the globe is there so proud a place, and here, set in the very middle of the earth, are we. There is not another country that can reach the world so easily by land or sea; there is not another country which can obtain so readily all the raw materials of the earth, and, having manufactured these into goods, can so easily send them back again. From no other land is it so convenient to lay cables to all parts of the earth, nor is there any land so well supplied with natural harbours on its coasts.

Our Free and Open Ports

So time and tide have set us. Think now how Nature guards us where we lie. Think of our wonderful climate—for wonderful it is, grumble as we may. Here is a country set far north in regions where, if things were as they might be expected to be, the land would be frozen in an icebound sea for six months of every year. In winter Russia's northern ports are frozen and useless; so is Vladivostok, which is nearer the Equator than London; so are the ports of the great lakes of America; so is Odessa; so are Montreal and Quebec. But our great British ports, hundreds of miles farther north, are free and open all the time.

Truly it is a wonderful thing. Why is it? It is due to warm winds and warm waters that wrap round Little Treasure Island like a scarf. We are so placed that the westerly and south-westerly winds blow up our shores with regularity. These winds come from the warmer areas near the

tropics, and, as they travel over the surface of the ocean, they drive before them the warm water from the Gulf of Mexico, spread it out, and wrap it round our islands.

On this warm current from the south depends our existence as a naval power and a seafaring and manufacturing people. It keeps open our ports and makes our climate tolerable even in the winter, and the warm wind blowing over brings us gentle rain. The sun pours down on the tropical ocean and makes its surface hot, and, although water takes a long time to get hot, it retains its heat well. The warm water remains on the surface and tends to float toward the Poles, the cold water underneath flowing in to take its place. The winds help on the flow of the warm water, and the turn of the earth gives the water a twist so that it comes directly to the British Islands, and goes round them.

If these west winds should stop blowing, or if the warm drift were diverted so that it did not come our way, it would be the greatest catastrophe that has happened in our islands, for Britain would be something like Greenland, and in winter all western Europe would be frozen.

Bountiful Westerly Winds

A geographer has declared that the whole of the development of Britain and the British people; and therefore the whole development of the British Empire, is due to the warmth brought to our shores by westerly winds and ocean waters during the winter months. It is this warmth that is responsible for the development of our fisheries. It keeps our rainfall constant, so that our high lands are covered with grass, and to this we owe it that Britain in the Middle Ages became famous for her sheep and her wool. Out of this industry grew the manufacture of woollen cloths, and afterwards of cottons, and no one can exaggerate the importance that these trades have been to Britain.

It was this winter warmth also that made a very long season of farming possible in Britain, and induced the farmer to pay such attention to the rearing of sheep and cattle that the British farmer has been able to supply the whole world with the finest farm animals known.

The Gulf Stream

We see what Nature has done for us. It has been reckoned that the accumulation of heat brought from the south by the Gulf Stream—ninety thousand million cubic yards of water passing one point every hour—is enough to melt in 45 days a sheet of ice ten feet thick covering the whole Polar Sea of two million square miles. The heat is said to be enough to raise mountains of iron from zero to melting point, and to keep in flow from them a molten stream of metal greater in volume than the waters discharged every day from the mighty Mississippi.

Encircled by this stream of warmth our islands lie, fashioned by time, kept warm and sweet and clean by tide. Truly time and tide have made us what we are.

TWENTY

TWENTY years ago the C.N. was born (under the name it now bears) in the time of the daffodils. Spring again is here, with sunshine chasing the shadow on leaf and flower, fulfilling the immemorial pledge that while the earth remaineth seed time and harvest shall not fail.

What is the harvest the world has gathered in those twenty years, the seeds of which were sown in that hopeful spring? The world was then thrilling with the certitude of peace. It had awakened from the nightmare of war, ready "to grasp the sorry scheme of things entire," and then "remould it to the heart's desire," as the old Persian poet dreamed. Peace then sat on top of the world. How is it now? Almost the other day Peace seemed to be trembling in the balance.

Let Us Begin by Counting Our Blessings

Is it indeed so? Let us take heart and echo the words of President Lebrun, when mourning those who had fallen in the war, Surely their sacrifice was not all in vain. There have been times when it seemed that it had been so; but let us hope that by God's grace we may be given a second chance to begin again—as in those days of twenty years ago.

We might begin, in the homely phrase, by counting our blessings. The first of them is that in the passing of the cloud so lately overshadowing us the world has begun to breathe again. In that shadow falling on us like darkness made visible the knowledge was born, in Dictators and war-makers as well as in common men, that the voice of mankind was clamouring for peace. All know now with an accord growing more complete every day that the hidden millions detest war unspeakably. *Are there a hundred people in the world whose greed or ambition would again let loose its horrors?*

We cannot believe it; and we come to the last question, What of Fear? Fear drives nations into war with one another more surely than pride or love of conquest. We believe that fear is diminishing. Ambitious men have used it as a weapon to goad their people on, but it is failing in their hands. The propaganda which sharpened it is now beginning to blunt it. The wireless, so much abused, is at last beginning to tell half the world, by night and day, what the other half thinks. Both halves have now no more use for war. They know too much.

Ill News Travels Apace: Good News on Crutches

So much has been gained, in spite of the alarms and tumults which, like a habit not to be shaken off, still fill the news. Ill news, the old proverb says, travels apace, while good news travels on crutches; and bad news always makes the biggest display. Yet there are bits of good news shyly hiding themselves in the corners of the newspapers, like the crocuses and hyacinths cautiously pushing themselves upwards from their winter sleep in the mould. The best of them is the

YEARS ON—THE WORLD'S SECOND CHANCE

growing recognition in East and West by nations who have tried it that war does not pay. Those who have been leaders in the fray are slowly bringing themselves, after grievous suffering, to the conference table.

A greater issue looms behind. The saddest loss in these twenty years has been that of confidence in the League

We may reckon among the world's greatest gains America's realisation that she cannot sever herself from the rest in pressing forwards for freedom.

She is realising that peace cannot be maintained by hoping for it, but must be cherished as mankind's highest ideal. In America were spoken the words which are the charter of

order by the New Deal, which aimed at helping the farmer, the labourer, and the working man by abolishing abuses in factories and workshops and by lessening the numbers of the workless. It is a colossal scheme, worthy of a big mind and a big people, and though it has been fought step by step, and though it has not realised all the President's hopes, it has set a high example to the world.

There are other examples, and we ought not to forget those offered to us by nations and men whom we have yet to learn to call friends and brothers. Two names have for long rung doubtfully in our ears, the Fuehrer and the Duce, Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini. Both may command our respect for some of their qualities and achievements. Herr Hitler, an unknown Austrian, became known when Germany lay in the dust, when poverty and hunger stalked her fields and streets, when civil disturbances brought her almost to the verge of civil war. He made himself a power by his own exertions and the force of his character, and employed his power to set Germany on her feet. He did it by his appeal to youth, and, whatever we may think of his methods, it is Young Germany that sustains him and worships him with an idolatry no other man of his time can command.

Two Men of Our Day Whose Names Will be Remembered

HITLER is indeed the Fuehrer, the leader of a State proud of itself. Pride is the life of a nation. He has given Germany pride. He has taught a lesson all peoples ought to learn, that it is not the right of a citizen to demand something of the State but his duty to do something for it. He has made work a necessity, self-denial a virtue, physical fitness an ambition, and discipline of mind and body an ideal.

The German people will not forget him, nor will the future when it begins to reckon great men. He does not stand alone. We may hold back our plaudits from Signor Mussolini, but for the Italian people he has done much. He found his country dispirited and listless and poor after the war. He did more than pull it out of the Slough of Despond. He created a new Italy. Gone are the days when Italians were organ-grinders and ice-cream pedlars. Mussolini has swept Italy of beggars and vagrants. He has set them to work in fields created out of the Pontine Marshes, and offered them new homes in Libya. He is converting the Italian peasant from a poor emigrant into a colonist. He has made peace with the Pope and knitted Italy into a unity more complete than Garibaldi or Cavour could compass. We must recognise the force of these things and pray that he will go on with his peaceful work rather than with his dreams of war.

Other great men have risen among the nations near and far. There is Riza Khan Pahlevi, who has made a new Persia, and Kemal Pasha, who hammered out a new Turkey before he died, having the courage and wit to modernise its people, to free its women, to educate the young people in

Western ways, while forbidding them to waste their money and make their faces ridiculous with lipstick.

And in the Far East stands that heroic figure Chiang Kai-Shek, who, undismayed by any disaster, bids fair to give China a unity and purpose unknown in 2000 years, and in the last 20 years threatened from within and without.

The Way the World Has Marched in Twenty Years

IN this review of our 20 years we have attempted to look at the world in its wider aspects. If we were to survey it in detail we should have to take a page from every week of the C N since its first number. We should have to recall tremendous works of engineering begun and completed in America, hydro-electric dams in India, the Sydney Bridge in Australia, the railway running from north to south of Persia, the oil pipe-line from Iraq to the Mediterranean.

We should have to speak of immense feats of exploration and discovery, flights across the North Pole and the Antarctic Continent, Russia's new colonies on the Arctic shore, and the almost daily lessening of the world's distances.

Plane and wireless move onward from triumph to triumph, and to these will be added television, to let us see as well as hear the whole world at a glance before another 20 years have gone.

The British Commonwealth Looks Hopefully Forward

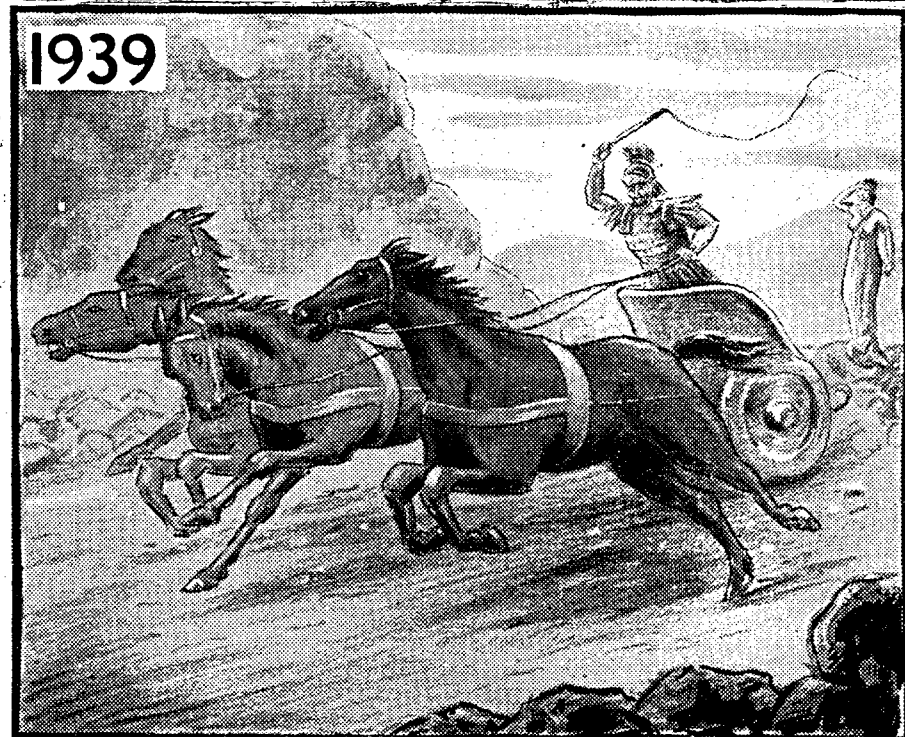
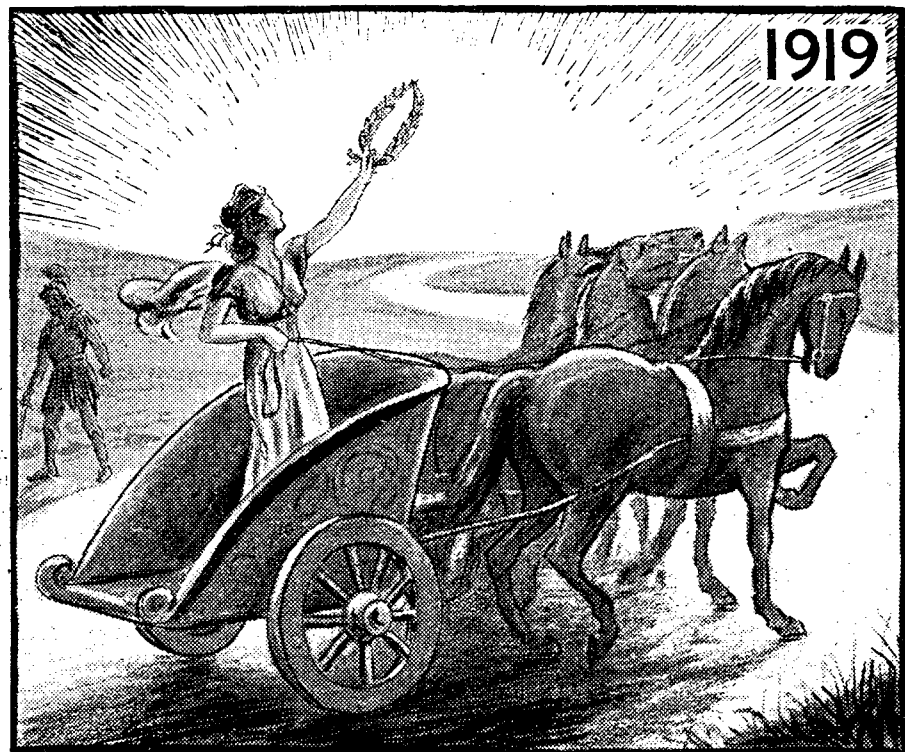
LAST, and (we say it with humility) not least, we should have to speak of the share in the work of the world which has fallen to the British Commonwealth of Nations. We have added a new India to our family and given it a new life and Constitution. We have trials in our own household, as well as abroad. We have lost a beloved King, and found another to our liking. We have discovered, as Britain so often has done in the past, the Man for the Crisis, and we are all more and more willing to find ourselves gathering under his Umbrella. We have faced our foes and backed our friends; and if we have blundered we still go on hopefully to find in the future, as in the past, the means to make amends. We move on. Twenty years back—some broken dreams, but some high hopes fulfilled. Twenty years on—What?

Prestwich to Lose a Mermaid

The Town Clerk of Prestwich has just been officially informed that the town has no legal right to the coat-of-arms which it has used for centuries, and that a new one must be found.

The coat-of-arms represents a mermaid holding a comb in her left hand and a mirror in her right. Nobody knows what she represents, and, although records of the town go back to Saxon times there is no mention in them of this lady of the sea.

The College of Heralds says that the coat-of-arms belongs to the medieval family of Holme.



of Nations, which in that spring of 1919 was launched on the world's seas with blessings on all hands. But in the growing disposition of men whose differences seem to set them poles apart to come to talk with one another round a table we may see a hope that the dispersed League may yet be lifted up again in the sight of all men.

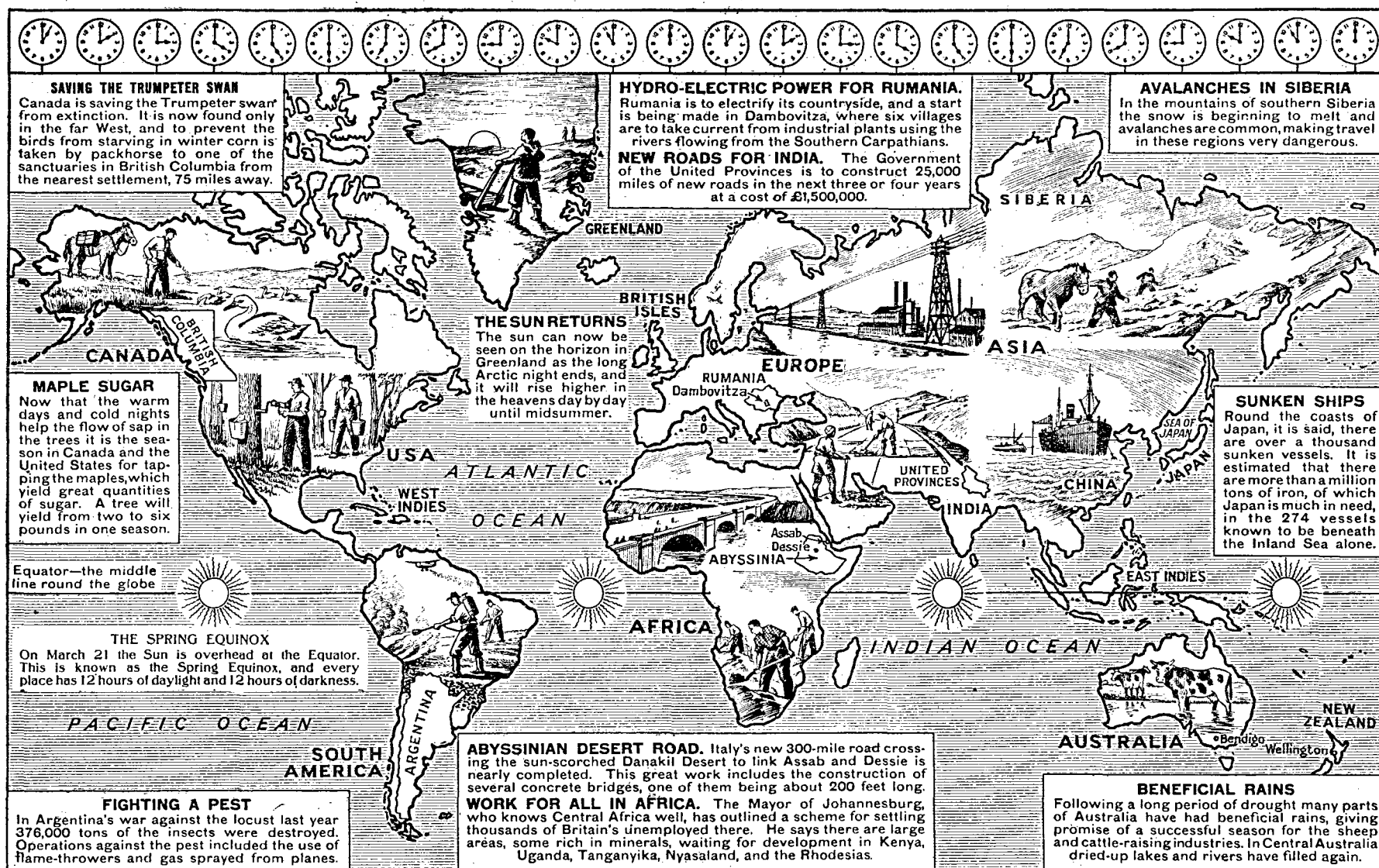
When it was first set on its pedestal some saw in it feet of clay, because the American people, who had furnished its sculptor and designer, would not endorse his work. But during some of the most doleful of our twenty years the United States have thought again.

democratic liberty, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." When the standard is raised to defend that principle America will fall in, and we rejoice to think that she may stand side by side with ourselves in defending it.

To America also we may turn to strengthen the confidence that, however sadly the world may seem to have sunk from its aims and ideals in these years, it still moves on. To the United States we look for big things done in a big way, and are not disappointed.

By President Roosevelt's inspiration they have tried to set their house in

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



TWO COUNTRIES AND THEIR PLEASURES

Britain and Italy

Someone has worked out that while Britain spends £2 per head a year on amusements Italy spends only 3s 6d.

From this it has been erroneously deduced that the Italian gets less amusement than the Englishman, but this is very far from being the case.

For one thing, the Italian gets for a nominal fee a year's subscription to the Dopolavoro, the Leisure Hour Institution. This provides him with outdoor and indoor sport and amusement of every sort, to suit his own taste.

Then we have to take account of the fact that the Italian is able to spend so much time in the open air. The open-air theatre travels the country giving first-class theatre and opera in small towns at the cost of a few pence. Every place has its repertory theatre, with amateur talent supported by the Dopolavoro.

In Rome, Milan, and elsewhere open-air theatres have audiences of 20,000, at which the finest singers are proud to appear. The seats cost 5d, and Mussolini sits in them with the poorest.

All this means good sport and entertainment at little cost. We cannot measure real value by money cost, any more than we can measure a man's health by his bank balance.

The Prodigal Watch

Nearly 30 years ago while Mrs S. B. Slatter was presiding over a meeting at the Binghamton Library in New York State her gold watch was stolen.

The other day the postman brought her a little parcel, and in it she was astonished to find the missing time-piece. She wound it up and found it still in good running order, but the mystery of where it has been all these years has not been solved.

Waterloo Bridge Stones For Wellington

Next year the youngest of our British Dominions, New Zealand, will be celebrating the first hundred years of its existence, and a great Centennial Exhibition is to be held at Wellington, its capital city.

A centennial lookout is to be erected on Mount Victoria, overlooking the splendid harbour, as one means of perpetuating the great soldier and statesman from whom the town derives its name. Appropriately enough, the battle which made him famous will also be commemorated in the memorial, for the stone to be used to outline the structure has been taken from the old Waterloo Bridge over the Thames, and in its new sphere will typify the solidity of the bonds that unite the Old Country with the youngest of its Dominions.

The Canon Solves the Problem

Many parishioners of Stoke Climsland in Cornwall have reason to bless their rector, Canon Andrews.

Not only is he held in high esteem for his church work, but is beloved for what he has done to reduce unemployment.

Canon Andrews, a successful agriculturist, rented land from the Duchy of Cornwall and experimented in flower-growing and poultry-rearing. Two men were employed. From that small beginning the number has increased.

The extent of the business may be gauged from the fact that about 6000 head of poultry are disposed of every year, and great quantities of eggs produced. Pigs are also reared and fattened, and some hundreds leave the farm each year. Flowers are cultivated for the market and market gardening is carried on on a big scale. Altogether the canon's farm is a hive of industry.

A Man's Nine Million Acres

Empire visitors to the Motherland sometimes refer to our countryside as consisting of numerous fields no bigger than pocket-handkerchiefs.

It is true that in their lands of wider horizons hedges are almost unknown and a man's cattle may range for miles. A short time ago a man who had been touring in North-West and Central Australia was talking to a gathering of business men in Bendigo about some of these vast cattle stations. The Victoria Downs Station, said to be the biggest single holding in the world, consists of nine million acres, nearly twice the area of Wales.

On this great range 120 white men and 140 black boys, with the help of 1200 horses, supervise 160,000 cattle. Each year about 22,000 calves are born. Although the range is in the heart of Australia, where it is generally supposed to be desert, the cattle have beautiful grasslands on which to graze. But owing to the lack of roads to the far-distant railheads the cost of disposing of the stock is high.

Gold and Crocodiles

A CN reader has written us this word about one of the loneliest parts of Australia.

It is the Claudie River Goldfield away up in the Cape York Peninsula, where 80 prospectors and four women lead a life full of adventure. There is tremendous excitement when a cargo boat calls once a month with stores and mail. On the sea front and in the tidal creeks near the rich iron ore deposits of Iron Range huge crocodiles may be seen basking in the sun, so that even when going for a little stroll a look-out must always be kept for these fearful creatures lurking lazily in the mud.

SIGHT AND SOUND ON A SINGLE WAVE

A Big Television Advance

An important improvement which will simplify and cheapen television has just been made by Dr Zworykin.

By means of a most ingenious invention he has succeeded in making a single carrier-wave carry both the television and the sound signals. The transmitter is of the type which scans the scene line by line, and there is a short interval between each such line, the 60,000th part of a second in the case of 250-line television. Dr Zworykin uses these tiny intervals to transmit the sound signals corresponding to each line.

The real secret of the invention lies in the use of a sort of electrostatic storage device in the cathode ray tube of the receiver. In this are stored up the sound signals corresponding to the complete individual line. When viewing the picture the electric signals illuminate the cathode ray screen in the usual way, but in the intervals between each line the sound signals corresponding to that line are released, and drawn out to their original length so that they exactly synchronise with the picture.

It is a delightful bit of electric magic, but so many miraculous things are possible nowadays that we may not realise the real wonder of it all.

Nazi Cows Must Give More Milk

Nazi hens have already been ordered to lay more eggs, and now the order has gone forth that cows must produce more milk. This is because there is such a serious shortage of butter in gun-ridden Germany. It is planned to increase the milk herds by 2,000,000, and also to increase the production of milk per cow by about fifty gallons a year.

WHO WANTS THESE FLAT ROOFS?

The Small Boxes in Our Countryside

Is the flat roof suitable to the English countryside?

This matter is often in dispute, and we need not wonder that a certain Sussex village is up in arms at a proposal to erect a flat-roofed cottage among houses with pitched roofs.

Why did pitched roofs develop in England? The answer is a simple one. They were built to keep out rain and snow. They were also easy to construct and beautiful to look at; but our long winter and plentiful rainfall were the chief causes.

As rain made the fields green and lovely to look at, so it made the roofs sloping and beautiful.

But will not a flat roof keep out the rain? Certainly it will, if it is very carefully and expensively made. It must be a very good job indeed if it is to be perfectly weather-tight; cheap flat-roofed houses are to be avoided.

As to the look of the house, a flat-roofed cottage looks like and really is a box. Small boxes do not suit our English countryside, and to put them among tiled, pitched roofs is like putting a steel chair in the middle of a room furnished with Chippendale.

No Nearer the Sun

The people who wish to build a flat-roofed house in a beautiful tiled village make the plea that they want to sunbathe on the roof, or want to enjoy the air "flowing in through the windows which fold completely back."

These excuses do not serve. We are no nearer the sun on a roof than in a garden. In a town house with no garden there is some excuse for a roof-garden, but in the country the place for a garden, and for sunbathing, is on the ground. The sun is 90,000,000 miles from the earth, and to go up on a roof does not alter the degree of heat or effect of the sun on the body.

As for the windows, it is nonsense to suggest that more air comes in at a window because the roof is flat. A window under tiles lets in exactly the same amount of air as a window under a flat roof.

Then there is neighbourliness to consider. It is not a friendly act to impose a flat roof on a village where it looks foreign. There are many foreign places where a flat roof looks right; equally there are many places where a house looks well if painted pink, but to put a pink house in an old English village is to be guilty of a sin of very bad taste and to commit what is nothing less than a crime against the loveliest countryside in the world.

Grandfather to the Rescue

A wonderful tale of heroism has been told in Melbourne by Mr L. J. Howell, a missionary on holiday from Papua.

One day when he was paddling down one of the waterways leading to the Purari River, 160 miles west of Port Moresby, he came to a native village where the entire population met him in a state of wild excitement, bringing to him a little girl who was unconscious.

They told him that the child had been paddling in the water when she was seized by a crocodile and dragged to the bottom of the river. Her grandfather, who was near by, grabbed a paddle of a canoe, dived after the crocodile, and somehow or other managed to wrench the little girl away from it and bring her to the surface. The old man was not hurt after his terrifying experience, but the little one had both legs broken.

But what amazed the missionary was the fact that the hero of the story had no idea that he had done anything remarkable by attacking the crocodile single-handed!

JOHN COMPANY'S CHILDREN

The 200,000 Almost Forgotten A LEGACY TO THE FLAG

IN India dwell nearly 200,000 Anglo-Indians. The Archbishop of Canterbury pleads that they and their children shall not be forgotten.

Joining in the Archbishop's appeal are many men of wisdom and counsel in their knowledge of India and its problems, Lord Halifax, Lord Willingdon, and Lord Zetland among them, who have governed there. They know what these Anglo-Indians mean to India, and what India means to them and has done for two centuries.

They are a legacy to Great Britain and the British people from the old John Company days. The East India Company long ago ordained that its servants in India should not take English wives out there, but encouraged marriage between the pioneer traders and Indian women. Their children were nurtured in the Christian faith, and the Anglo-Indians looked from afar on England as their homeland.

It is their homeland, and deep and enduring has been their loyalty to it. They fought for it in the Mahratta Rebellion so long ago; in the Mutiny that has faded now like a dream; and in the Great War from which we have so lately awakened as from a nightmare. In that war every Anglo-Indian of military age volunteered to fight for the Motherland.

Facing Hard Times

This community of 200,000 is like a foam fleck on the dark ocean of India's 350,000,000 people; but it is not a fleck of foam in its faithfulness, its perseverance in the face of hard times.

For many generations its children have been born and educated in the expectation that they would find places ready for them in the administrative life of the British people in India. Posts in the Government services, in municipal undertakings, in all the offices where a clerical education and reasonable intelligence were needed seemed to be theirs for the asking.

But the country is changing. With the Indianisation of India the hidden millions of Indian young men of education have come into the picture. They have sought and obtained an education as good as that of any Anglo-Indian, and as well adapted to fit them for taking

situations in offices and elsewhere. The Indian has become what we should quite recently have described as a black-coated, white-collared young man, who for various reasons has more opportunity than the Anglo-Indian youth of finding work suited to his qualifications.

The result is that the Anglo-Indian children and their parents are going to the wall. There are for their instruction 75 Christian schools with 14,000 boy and girl students. But the plain fact is that these schools are not good enough for the needs of a changing world. They teach high principles and steadfastness, fine qualities both, but on the secular side they furnish only the education which is associated with primary and high schools elsewhere. Meanwhile the Indian Government has cut down the grants and the cost of maintenance of the schools is rising.

Give Them Their Chance

Those who support them would be hard put to it to keep them going even on their present educational basis. But if the Anglo-Indian boy and girl are to do anything in the new world of India they must have a new kind of education. They must be taught the sort of things which will fit them to undertake work in engineering or agriculture or forestry or domestic science. The schools must be transformed to fit their pupils for a vocation in life.

India is beginning to offer such opportunities for those who can grasp them. If the opportunities are seized by the Anglo-Indian youth a new and brighter history of leadership and usefulness will dawn for those who have for so long been a source of strength to India.

In the words of Lord Goschen, who is the treasurer of the appeal for funds on behalf of these schools, "They have not failed us: let us not fail them."

The Duke of Gloucester spoke warmly on behalf of the Anglo-Indian Schools Fund when the Archbishop of Canterbury launched the appeal at Salter's Hall in the City; and response to it should be made to Viscount Goschen, 5 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. We beg that any of our readers who can help will do so: it is a noble piece of work for Christianity, Civilisation, and the Flag.

Robin Hood's Arrow

A DISCUSSION has been running in the grown-up papers as to the distances to which our old archers could shoot their arrows.

One authority gives 100 yards as the range, another 200. These are the distances shot by medieval longbowmen of England and Wales, but the Turks, with lighter arrows, are said to have been able to hit their enemies at 400 yards.

It is a matter of archery history that an 18th century secretary of the Turkish Embassy in London once shot here 415 feet against the wind and 463 yards with it. But that was not shooting at a mark; it was simply for distance. Our famous bowmen, victors of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, shot with arrows aimed to pierce the armour of knights.

But the heavy arrows they used only for short distances, say 100 yards or a little over. For longer and less deadly

shooting they used lighter arrows and sent them farther. Scott, in *Ivanhoe*, brings in Robin Hood to shoot for a prize, and, having scored an easy triumph at the ordinary butts, the knight of the greenwood sets up a peeled willow wand a yard long and splits it with his arrow, but he shoots from only 100 yards. Hitting the mark at fabulous distances forms the subject of so many romances as to give us the phrase in which "drawing the longbow" stands for exaggeration.

Archery still has a host of experts of both sexes in England, and we have among our amateurs many men who can score 25 per cent of bull's-eyes at a hundred yards. Our old warlike champions, however, practised their art more ardently than is now necessary, and archery butts were to be found behind every churchyard in the country, attendance being compulsory.

Fish and Chips

A million tons of potatoes are sold as chips every year, representing a quarter of all potatoes sold in this country. To accompany these mountains of chips half of all the white fish landed in England and Wales is bought by the fish fryers. We wish our very nourishing herrings were as popular.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Rainfall . . . 73 ins.	Falmouth . . 2.67 ins.
Sunshine . . 105 hrs.	Aberdeen . . 2.59 ins.
Dry days . . . 21	Chester . . . 2.55 ins.
Days with rain . . 7	Birm'ham . . 1.41 ins.
Coldest day . . . 3rd	South'pton . . 1.14 ins.
Warmest days 10th, 11th	Tynemouth . . .82 ins.
Wettest day . . 28th	Gorleston . . .73 ins.

Friends of the CN

WILL YOU DO IT A GOOD TURN?

The CN in its present form is 20 years old this week. Will you do it a good turn?

If it is to hold its own in an age of ever-pressing excitements (football pools, films, wireless) a paper unsustained by rich advertisement revenue must have a constant accession of new readers.

If every CN reader would win for it one more, or would give an extra copy away each week, it would be a birthday gift indeed,

a new lease of success and influence for 20 years more.

Is your faith in the CN worth 2d more? Will you fill in this form for some child, some institution, some old folk who would like a cheerful paper once a week?

Please deliver the Children's
Newspaper each week to

and debit my account

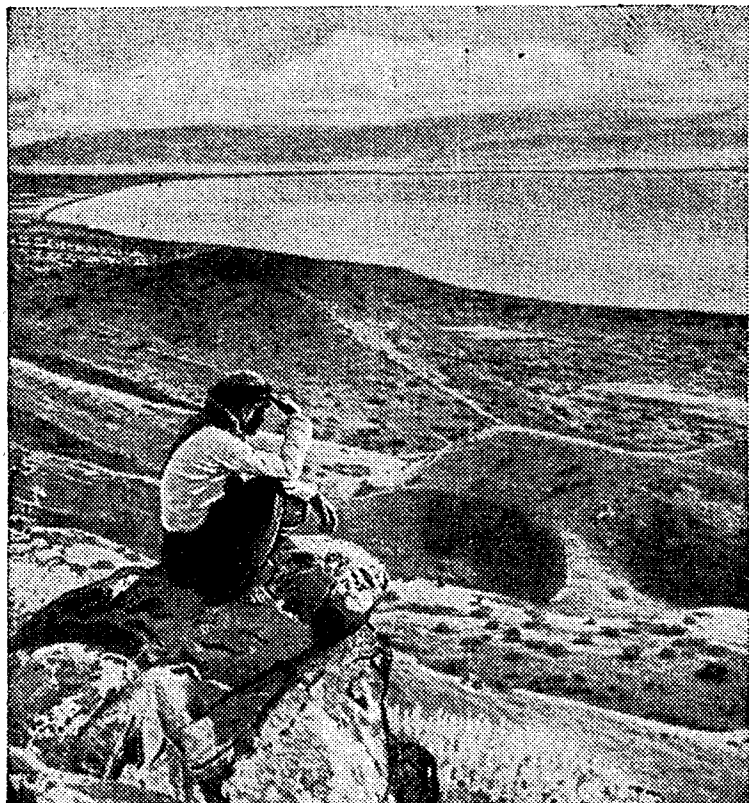
Will you give this to your newsagent on
the CN's 20th birthday?

It would be something done for Peace and Goodwill, and would strengthen the CN on its way to its 21st birthday in an age with hardly time to listen to the Still Small Voice

A NEW WORK of BEAUTY and INSPIRATION

IN HIS STEPS

THE LAND AND LIFE OF JESUS



Described by the Leading Religious Writers of Today, and Lavishly Illustrated with Famous Masterpieces of Religious Art and Camera Pictures Recently Taken in the Lands of the New Testament.

9d Weekly Parts

UNIQUE PICTURE OF OUR LORD

reproduced from the painting in the Catacomb, believed to be the earliest Portrait of Christ.

PRESENTED WITH PART ONE

*Of all Newsagents
and Bookstalls*

IN HIS STEPS: THE LAND AND LIFE OF JESUS strikes an altogether new note in the history of Bible literature. Within its pages is told afresh "The Story that Transformed the World," of the life on earth of the Greatest and Grandest Figure in history.

Not only is there a full-length account of the Life of the Master, but every aspect of the Story—historical and geographical, political, social and economic, literary and artistic—is fully described and discussed by acknowledged experts.

To the student of the New Testament the work must prove of the greatest interest, for it illumines the sacred page as no smaller work can do.

Excellent printed in large clear type, IN HIS STEPS will contain many hundreds of illustrations comprising both recently-taken camera pictures of the Bible Lands and reproductions of the world's masterpieces of Religious Art which have found their inspiration in the Gospel Story.

IN HIS STEPS: THE LAND AND LIFE OF JESUS is to be completed in about 36 weekly Parts at 9d. each, and intending subscribers are advised to place a standing order with their regular news-agent or bookstall.

Each Part will contain a superbly printed Fine Art Section of Camera Studios in Colour.

BUY PART ONE TODAY

HE TRACED 60,000 BRITISH SOLDIERS

A Refugee's Story

Attached to the British Military Mission in Berlin just after the war was a young German ex-officer, Ernst—. His job was to trace missing British prisoners of war.

He worked for three years, and in that time, by searching regimental and other records of the German Army, he traced the histories of 60,000 British soldiers from the time they were taken prisoner to the time of their death. So valuable were his services that he received a letter of thanks from Major-General Sir Neill Malcolm, the Chief of the British Military Mission.

After his work was finished he became a film technician. But Hitler came into power, and Ernst was a Jew. He suffered, with thousands of others, from racial and religious persecution. He came from Germany to England and went to see Sir Neill Malcolm, who, by an odd coincidence, was working with Lord Baldwin's Fund for Refugees.

Arrangements were made for Ernst to go to the Kitchener Camp at Richborough, which is now being converted into a settlement for refugees.

Now he is one of fifty refugees who are helping to get the camp ready for 3000 more Germans who will be trained there for emigration overseas. His proudest possession is the letter from Sir Neill Malcolm.

Australia Marches On

So air-minded are Australians becoming that, beginning this month, planes will cover the distance of 1954 miles between Perth and Melbourne in a single day, and they will do the flight three times a week.

Two years ago the same trip took two or three days. Melbourne time is two hours ahead of Perth time, so the planes will have to alter their clocks by two hours on each trip. Radio beacons will be erected at the terminal points, and the airliners will be fitted with special aeriels for safety. It is thought that if radio beacons had been installed the tragic crash of the Kycema, when 14 lives were lost last year, might not have happened.

Each week, from one side of the Australian continent to the other, there travels a mailboat carrying English mails and cargo and passengers to the various Australian capitals, a passenger ship between the States, three trains on the railway through the vast desert, and three modern passenger airliners above it. So Australia marches on, wanting only people to fill its empty spaces.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of March 1914

The March of the Wireless Age. The wireless operator on the top of a newspaper building in Buffalo was sending out calls. An answer came from an unknown station.

"Who are you? What is your longitude and latitude?" asked the operator.

"I am on board the Lackawanna train, number three, forty miles from Buffalo," replied the stranger.

"Stop your nonsense and tell me who you are," said the operator. "I am looking for a steamer on Lake Erie."

The stranger repeated that he was on a Lackawanna express train running between New York and Buffalo; but the operator on the newspaper building would not believe him. The man then asked him to meet the train as it ran into Buffalo Station, and out of curiosity he did so. He was astonished to find that the express carried a complete wireless outfit!

This is the first time an ordinary train, running through tunnels and under bridges, has used a wireless telegraph as part of its working equipment.

ELECTRIFIED MUSIC

The Vacuum Tube Piano

Sir James Jeans, who hitches his wagon to the stars, has lately come to earth to press the claims of electric music.

America is its home, and the vacuum tube its instrument, as in the wireless. The vacuum tube takes the place of all the old things which have made music in the past. The piano keys, the fiddle strings, the pipes of wind instruments are all discarded. In the electric instruments are no pipes or reeds or strings or hammers. The vacuum tube answers for all.

In the newest example of it (the Novachord or electric piano) there is a 72-note keyboard, a pedal, and a volume controller. The performer punches the keys and sets in motion an electric wave which is generated in the vacuum tube in diverse speeds and vibrations. The sort of electric wave which is produced determines the sound. The wave is converted into sound, just as happens in the wireless, but its conversion is effected in and by the vacuum tube.

This is rather a rough-and-ready description of a complicated process of sound production and conversion from electric action, but it is the foundation of the electric music which is now so popular in the United States. Sir James Jeans said that last year Americans spent nearly half a million pounds on these instruments. He admits that he does not like electric music, but thinks it may be the music of the future.

There is no accounting for taste, least of all for the taste of our descendants, but with the memory of other musical novelties from America, the jazz band and swing music, we think that the old-fashioned piano and the fiddle will last our time.

Rain Without Tears

Two young ladies in dresses of artificial crêpe stood together beneath a downpour of artificial rain.

The young lady whose dress of crêpe rayon had been treated with a particular chemical in a particular way emerged from the shower-bath dampened but serene. Her dress had not shrunk.

Her companion's dress, which was of the same material but had not been treated by the patent process, was a woeful sight; it had shrunk out of shape, almost out of recognition.

It will be good news for all those thousands of young people who nowadays seldom carry umbrellas except when obliged that they can wear dress materials capable of surviving the unkindest uncertainties of our weather. But a word of warning must be said. The fabrics treated by the patented process of a Lancashire firm seem to be of a rather springlike or summery kind. They are not for the severities of winter.

On the other hand, these particular rayon fabrics will not shrink in the wash, so that a step forward has been made. The day may come when the other sex may share in the benefits conferred on the weaker one, and when men's socks and comfortable woollens will withstand all that the laundry can do to them.

The Unknown Organist

Only the other day the C.N. told how an unemployed organist helped a church.

Now from Selby in Yorkshire comes a similar story. While visiting the local hospital the Revd J. Byrnell, vicar of St James's Church, was struck by the masterly way in which the man who was playing the harmonium accompanied the hymns. He asked about him, and learned that he was an unemployed organist who, while on the tramp for work, fell ill and had to be taken into the hospital. As a result this unemployed organist gave a recital in the church the other Sunday night.

PLUTO COMING NEARER

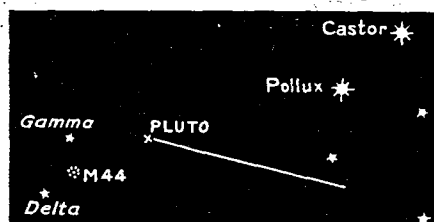
How a Little World Escapes Neptune

By the C.N. Astronomer

The little world of Pluto, referred to last week, is now almost overhead in the evening and due south about 8 o'clock. Pluto, by the way, received its very appropriate title, suggesting heavy plutonic rocks, from an 11-year-old schoolgirl, Venetia Burney of Oxford; and as the Trustees of Lowell Observatory accepted this name as the official title, even at the confines of our Solar System there is a link between this country and the great United States.

Pluto is only visible through big telescopes, but it is of interest to know just where he is, particularly in relation to the present position of Neptune shown in the C.N. last week.

The two bright stars Castor and Pollux of Gemini, the Twins, provide an easy guide, being the brightest stars a little to the south of overhead point between 7 and 8 o'clock. To the left of them are two fourth-magnitude



The present position of Pluto, the line indicating the extent of his progress during the last five years

stars, Gamma and Delta in the constellation of Cancer, the Crab. Pluto is now in the position indicated by a X on the map, while the line shows his apparent path and the extent Pluto has travelled in the last five years. This line at the distance of Pluto represents something like 600 million miles, Pluto himself being now at a distance of about 3308 million miles, and so about 593 million farther away than Neptune. But Pluto is coming nearer to us, at present at the rate of some 15 million miles a year, so that eventually he will come nearer to us than Neptune and will by 1988, when at his nearest and in perihelion, be but 2660 million miles away. This is about 55 million miles nearer than Neptune came this year.

Pluto will therefore cross Neptune's orbit; this will happen some 30 years hence, but Pluto will be on a higher plane and will cross very much as a high-level train crosses one on a low level. Nevertheless it would not be safe for Pluto if Neptune was in the vicinity. Neptune, however, will be very far away.

Neptune Increases His Lead

A glance at the heavens, with the aid of our recent star-maps, will show that Neptune is already quite a long way ahead of Pluto, and as Neptune is travelling faster he will increase his lead. We know that some 140 years hence Neptune will have travelled round his long orbit to near where Pluto is now; but by that time Pluto will have come and gone, so to speak, and will be far away, travelling from Neptune and us to the remote region of his aphelion, or farthest point from the Sun, which is about 4640 million miles away.

So this little adventurer world will thus play "come and go" with old Neptune for long ages to come, just popping within Neptune's orbit when he is out of the way and then clearing off again as he approaches on his return. Thus we gain some idea of the mechanism of the heavens and the perfect balance of things which is necessary in order to obtain security. If Pluto did not begin to retreat just at the right time Neptune would soon have him for another satellite, or he would penetrate farther into the Solar System, with perhaps disastrous consequences somewhere.

G. F. M.

IF YOU HAVE FLOWERS

Prepare to Share Them Now

Are there masses of wild flowers in the woods beyond the bend in your road?

Are the daffodils and the wallflowers plentiful in your garden?

Can you spare some thought, some time, and some stamps for those who never see flowers?

Then write to the League of Flower Givers, The Pleasaunce, Woldingham, Surrey, for the address of one of the 200 schools, hospitals, district nursing associations, and missions that they have on their books asking for flowers but still unpaired with a regular giver.

The League of Flower Givers, as C.N. readers know, exists to give flowers wherever they are needed in flowerless areas. It has about 300 members.

The personal relationship that exists between flower givers and flower receivers sometimes leads to other expressions of kindness and goodwill. For example, one member who sends flowers to a school invites children from that school to spend a day in the country each summer to see where their flowers come from; another member has greatly extended her anemone beds in the interests of the nursing association she sends flowers to, because anemones last so well and are so bright and cheerful by a patient's bed.

So, if you have flowers to spare, prepare to share them now.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the programmes for next week's School Broadcasts.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Summer Pruning of Fruit Trees: by C. F. Lawrance. 2.30 Early Stages in Music—Revision and Concert: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—The Abbey Ruins. 2.30 Dramatic Reading (She Stoops to Conquer, by Oliver Goldsmith). 3.0 Concert Lesson—The Magic Flute; Introduction.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The First Ming Emperor: by Innes Jackson. 2.30 Biology—Length of Life: by H. Munro Fox. THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography (A Dwindling Asset—Gold Mines): by Kenneth Tiller. 2.5 Birds' Nests and Birds' Nesting: by C. R. Stonor. 2.30 British History—From Coast to Coast (The Canadian Pacific Railway): by L. Gilliam.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Among the Javanese: by Clifford Collinson. 3.10 Topical Talk—Balloon and Parachute Jumping. 3.35 Forceful Thinkers—Voltaire.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Doctor and the Nurse: by J. R. Allan. 2.30 and 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Sound r: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—The Importance of Waste: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—What is Expression? by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 The Story of the Cuckoo: by G. W. McAllister. 3.5 Scottish History—Mining: by H. Hamilton.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography—South Sea Islands: by D. B. Calderwood. 2.45 Nonsense Rhymes: by D. H. Evans.

The Play Centre

There is a different kind of school at Bardsey, near Leeds; it is called the Observation Play Centre. Tiny tots from three to five can attend, but mothers are barred, for the idea is to try to teach the little folks to be independent. There are bright toy-filled rooms into which the children can wander and choose their own occupations.

These toys FREE

All you have to do to get a big parcel with a football, a train, or a doll inside—is to ask mother for the coupons from Bournville Cocoa tins. Collect these coupons until you have enough for an aeroplane, a skipping rope, or whatever it is you want. No pocket money is needed. All these toys are free presents to you from the makers of Bournville Cocoa in exchange for the coupons. Fill in the form below with your name and address written in capital letters and post it at once to Jonathan, Cadbury, Bournville, in an envelope with 1d. stamp (don't stick the flap down, just tuck it in), and you will receive a free coupon as a present and a list of pictures of all the FREE toys you can get. Here are some of the 'super' gifts in our list.



Strong two-bladed pen knife. Sheffield forged steel blades. White grained handle. Well finished. Gift No. 817.

Yours for 19 coupons.



Strong electric pocket torch, very compactly made, with Bakelite case. Throws a brilliant white light. Gift No. 818.

Yours for 22 coupons.



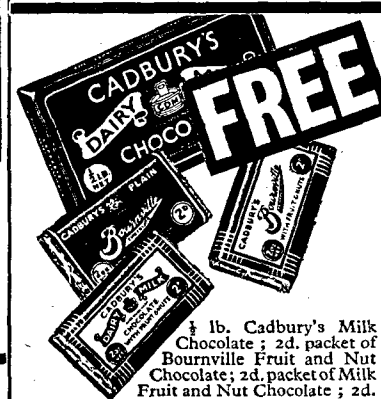
Electric rear lamp for your bicycle, red lens, strong clips, complete with dry battery. Gift No. 1084.

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THE BOY FROM BALTA

By
T. C. Bridges

2. The Stealing of Sheila

CHAPTER 1

Beddoes Hits Back

"You are a funny boy!" Colin Carne, who was sitting inside the cage of Fang, the great wolf dog, with the head of that formidable animal resting on his knees, looked up to see a little girl of about twelve standing outside the cage, looking at him with an amused expression on her childish face. He had never seen her before and he gazed at her quietly for a moment before he spoke.

"Why do you say that I am funny? I am not conscious of that quality."

She clapped her hands. "Dad said you talked like that. You're the boy from Balta."

"I am from Balta, but you have not explained why you consider me funny."

"I expect I'm wrong," said the girl. "My teacher would say unusual."

"In that you are probably right," replied Colin in his clear, quiet voice. "Having spent all my life isolated from any other people except my dear uncle I may be considered peculiar. But I assure you that I am learning rapidly. I know, for instance, what 'kidding' means, and understand what my friends here intend when they call Mr Corbett The Boss."

The girl laughed merrily. "Oh, you're splendid! You mean Dad."

Colin rose and bowed courteously. "Then you are Miss Sheila Corbett. I am happy to meet you."

"But don't call me Miss. I'm just Sheila, and I'm going to call you Colin."

"That will be very pleasant," Colin answered. "Won't you come in and talk to my dog?"

Sheila shrank back. "I've been in the lions' cage, but never in Fang's. Everyone was frightened of him, even that big brute Beddoes."

Colin frowned slightly. "Beddoes abused him. Fang is now as good as can be. I give you my word he will not hurt you."

"Then I'll come," said Sheila, and as Colin opened the cage door in she walked.

"Fang, this is a friend," said Colin.

The dog stood up and looked at Sheila with his strange yellow eyes. Colin took her hand in his and placed it on the great dog's head. To Sheila's amazement and delight Fang licked her other hand.

"Colin, you're a wonder!" she said.

"There is nothing wonderful about it," Colin assured her. "It is merely that I love Fang and he knows it."

The circus had moved from Whitebridge, where Colin had joined it, to Lavern, a good-sized Scottish town which lay at the lower end of Lidsdale. Colin was already friends with everyone in the show, from Mr Corbett down to the tent men. Of course, they chaffed him a lot, but he was too sweet-tempered to mind. His simplicity and utter fearlessness made him immensely popular and he seemed able to make friends with any animal. Even Dode, the crusty old Himalayan bear, would take food from Colin's hand. Mr Corbett had become very fond of the boy and had told him that he would keep him with the show as long as he liked. So far Colin's only duty was to look after Fang, but he was already proving helpful with other difficult animals.

Sheila told Colin that she wanted to walk up the glen as far as the Tryfan Waterfall, and Colin said he would go with her. "But I can't get away till after feeding-time," he added.

"Then I'll go ahead and you come as soon as you can," Sheila said, and Colin agreed.

When he went back to the big tent his friend Ted Tormer, a lad a little older than himself, hurried to meet him.

"Colin, I saw Beddoes in the town this morning," he said. "You watch out. He's looking ugly."

Colin laughed. "I do not think that he could catch me very easily, Ted."

"Well, you keep away from him. He don't love you," said Ted.

Colin, busy with his work, forgot all about Beddoes. As soon as he had finished he went straight off along the road leading up the glen. He was a mile outside the town when a youth stopped him.

"Your name Carne?" he asked. Colin looked at the fellow, who was undersized, shabby, and rat-faced.

"That is my name," he said.

"You works for Corbett?"

"I do."

"Well, it ain't no business of mine, but I saw a big chap catch Corbett's little girl a bit up the road. He took her away across the moor."

Colin felt a curious chill pass down his spine. It was followed by a wave of such anger as he had never known. Yet his training held good and his voice was not raised as he spoke.

"Can you point out the direction in which the man went?"

The youth pointed. "I reckon he was going up to that big hill. There's caves there."

"Thank you," said Colin steadily. Without another word he was off, running at a speed which made the rat-faced boy's eyes widen.

Through heather and over rocks Colin sped. He knew of course that it was Beddoes who had kidnapped Sheila. All he thought of was rescue. It never occurred to him that he ought to have returned for help. Soon he was up in wild country with a huge cliff towering in front. He reached the mouth of a deep corrie and paused a moment, trying to decide which way he had better go.

From behind a great boulder Beddoes stepped out, and his huge hand clamped on Colin's shoulder.

"So you walked right into it," he remarked in a gloating voice. "Now I got both o' you, and I'll sting Corbett proper."

CHAPTER 2

Just in Time

"SHEILA," said Colin, "I have been extremely unwise. I ought to have gone back for help instead of running blindly after you."

"I'm so glad you're here," said Sheila, shivering. "If I was alone I should be scared to death."

The two sat together on the floor of a small cave. The mouth was a mere hole in the face of the cliff with a sheer drop to the rocks below. Beddoes, who must have planned the whole thing beforehand, had taken them up by a rope ladder, which, when he had descended, he had removed with the aid of a long pole. He himself had a tent carefully hidden in the gorge of a tiny burn, about a hundred yards away. Colin and Sheila could see it, but it was quite invisible from below. He had left his prisoners a loaf of stale bread and a jug of water—no other food.

Colin went to the edge and peered down.

"The risk of dropping would be too great," he said. He looked at the tent, but Beddoes

was inside. Colin could see the smoke of his pipe rising in the still air. He began to examine the face of the cliff. After a while he went back.

"Sheila," he said, "I can get out. There is a crack in the rock by which I can reach a ledge above the cave mouth, and from that I can descend to the ground. Within an hour I can be at the circus. Are you brave enough to stay here alone for a little while?"

"Oh, Colin, can't I come with you?"

"That would be impossible," said Colin, firmly.

"But Beddoes will see you," Sheila objected. "And if he catches you he will hurt you."

"Beddoes is in his tent and it will not enter his mind that I can possibly escape. I could not do so if I had not learned to climb crags."

Sheila had plenty of pluck. She would not have been her father's daughter without it. She saw that Colin was determined to escape so did not try to prevent him. She crept to the entrance and, lying flat on the floor, watched him start. All her life she had been accustomed to see the circus acrobats do their wonderful tricks, but what she saw now terrified her.

The crack to which Colin trusted himself was only a few inches deep and the nearest foothold three yards away. Colin hooked his fingers in the crack and worked along, hanging by his arms. Far below were masses of sharp-edged granite, on which if he fell he must be killed or badly hurt.

As she watched Sheila dug her nails into her palms to prevent herself from screaming, yet Colin himself was perfectly calm. He got one foot on the little knob of rock, rested a moment, then started again, all the time climbing higher and higher until at last he came to the ledge of which he had spoken. The ledge was level with the crack, and to Sheila it looked as if Colin could never climb on to it, for below it the cliff seemed flat as a brick wall. But Colin found some sort of purchase for his right foot, and by an amazing effort of skill and strength raised his body until he was able to roll over on to the ledge.

The ledge itself was barely a foot wide, but to Colin it seemed as good as a turnpike road, and the pace at which he went down it made Sheila shiver again. She drew a long breath of intense relief as Colin leaped lightly to firm ground, then her heart seemed to stop beating as she saw Beddoes come striding up out of his hiding-place.

JACKO SWEEPS THE CHIMNEY

JACKO was frightfully excited. There was a new film at the kinema and he was mad to see it.

"Can I have sixpence, Mater?" he begged.

His mother shook her head. "You must think I'm made of money," she said. "I've the sweep coming directly," she added, to herself, "and that will cost me a couple of shillings."

to him. She showed him into the parlour and shut the door on him.

So far so good. But the brushes took some handling, and Jacko had his work cut out. He managed to fit the pieces together, and began to push the rod up the chimney.

It went a little way, and then it stuck.

Ten minutes later he called Mother Jacko and told her he had finished.



With a roar the sweep dashed after him

Jacko wandered out into the road. As he stood there the sweep came along, and seeing a board "Teas. Stop and have some," he put down his brushes and went inside.

"Now that's an idea," cried Jacko suddenly, slapping his sides.

He swooped down, smeared his face with the sooty brushes, and picking them up marched back to the house, crying "Swe-e-p!"

Mother Jacko was too busy with her spring-cleaning to pay much attention

"Finished!" she cried. "Then I'm quite sure you haven't done it properly. You wait—"

Just then there was a commotion outside, and in came the real sweep, loudly protesting that someone had stolen his brushes.

He gave one look at the parlour, and that was enough.

Jacko took to his heels. With a roar the sweep dashed after him. He caught him too, and when he let him go Jacko was a wiser if not a better boy.

"Run, Colin," she shrieked. "He's after you."

Beddoes flung a savage yell at her and started to run.

Sheila's warning had given Colin a slight start and he went away downhill, light-footed as a rabbit. But he was tired with his desperate climb, while Beddoes was fresh. And Beddoes's great legs were twice as long as Colin's.

Sheila saw that the big man was gaining and was filled with despair. Colin too saw it; but Colin had brains as well as speed. He turned sharply to the right and sped downhill towards the gorge of the River Lid. Beddoes gave a roar of delight, for he saw at once that the boy would be trapped. There was no bridge across the river, and the stream was deep and swift.

A heavy man cannot run as fast down a really steep slope as on the level. Colin gained a little and reached the river some distance ahead of his huge pursuer. He ran down the bank a little way, and Beddoes, certain that he had him, came charging after. To his utter amazement, he saw Colin stop, raise his arms, and leap far out into a foaming pool.

Beddoes was scared. Brute as he was, he did not want to be accused of murder, and it did not occur to him that anyone, let alone a boy of thirteen, could swim in such water.

"Come out!" he yelled.

Colin came up, looked round at Beddoes, then at the opposite bank. He saw that he could not climb this, so let himself go with the stream. He was not a bit scared. A boy who has learned his swimming in stormy seas thinks little of a river, and he found the cold water refreshing. Presently he was swept into a wider, quieter pool. He struck out, gained the opposite bank, and climbed the rocks. Beddoes's fear changed to fury.

"I've still got the gal," he roared. "If you don't come back I'll take it out of her."

Real fear chilled Colin. He was a good three miles from the town, while Beddoes was less than a mile from the cave. There was plenty of time for the big man to go back and carry Sheila away to some new hiding-place. And Sheila would be terrified.

He paused uncertainly. He was so inexperienced in the ways of the world that he did not realise that Beddoes was bluffing. Beddoes saw his advantage.

"Come back around by the bridge and I won't hurt you or the gal. I ain't got no grudge against you, but Corbett, he's got to pay me for turning me off. Once he's paid I'll let you both go."

"And supposing that Mr Corbett refuses to pay?" Colin asked.

"Don't you worry about that, kid. Corbett'll pay."

For once Colin was at a loss what to do. The last thing he wanted was that Mr Corbett should be forced to pay money to this blackguard, and if he had been alone he would have taken any risk to prevent it. But Sheila was his first thought.

"Where is the bridge?" he asked.

"Half a mile down. Hurry!" said Beddoes harshly. "And don't play no tricks. Remember, I've got the gal."

Colin quite understood that Beddoes was most anxious not to be seen, so refused to hurry. Beddoes kept along the opposite bank, shouting angrily at him every now and then.

Suddenly Beddoes stopped short, turned, and ran furiously in the opposite direction. He reached a tree, seized the lowest branch, and swung himself up with a speed amazing in so big a man. For a moment Colin was utterly amazed. There was no one in sight. He could not imagine what was happening.

Next instant something came across the bridge at such a pace Colin could barely see it, and Fang leaped high against the trunk of the low-branched oak into which Beddoes had climbed.

"Take him away. He'll kill me," Beddoes screamed. Frightened almost out of his life, the big brute was scrambling frantically into the upper branches.

"Hey, Colin!" came a shout, and Colin saw Ted Tormer top the rise to the right and come running down the slope. He came up, panting and breathless, yet with a broad grin on his freckled face.

"I knowed it was Beddoes," he gasped; "but it don't look like he'll trouble you much more. Where's Miss Sheila?"

Colin told him, and Ted's face went grim. Then he chuckled again.

"Listen, Colin! You and me will go and fetch her and leave the dog to watch Beddoes."

Colin nodded. "That, I think, will be a wise plan, Ted. It will teach Beddoes what it feels like to be a prisoner."

Regardless of Beddoes's yells for help, the two walked back towards the cave and the waiting Sheila.

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50 Fine Stamps, many new issues. KENYA-TANGANYIKA, CAYMAN Is., COSTA RICA (large Pictorial), PERSIA, CORONATION, CANADA, GEORGE VI, ANDORRA, New Issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 4½d. only, post free. Presented with this packet, to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERU, including New Issue, Bargains: 100 B. Colonial, 1/-; 20 Airpost, 6d.; 6 Triangular, 7d.; 12 Coronation, 1/2; 45 ditto, 5/-. Send addresses of stamp collectors and receive an additional free set—H. C. WATKINS, C.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

WHEN communicating with advertisers, it is to your advantage to mention that you saw the announcement in the columns of THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

END THAT MEALTIME MISERY

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without getting filled with flatulence and twisted up with pain? That is because acid turns your food into a sour, tough mass. Your harassed stomach has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery. These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. So the stomach has an easy job. No sour repeating, not a trace of wind, not a twinge of pain. Your indigestion has vanished. And it can't torture you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Buy a tin now! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

"Eight Pounds a Day Just Pays Our Way"
BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND

PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW to The Secretary, THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME FUND, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

Thousands of Free Gifts — Choose Yours!

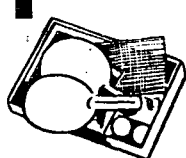


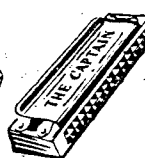
TABLE TENNIS SET in box with net, two posts, two bats and three balls. 99 Coupons and Free Voucher.



STAMP ALBUM. 100 pages, spaces marked out for 3,000 stamps. 42 Coupons and Free Voucher.



RAINBOW DOMINOES in different colours. You'll have wonderful fun with these. 36 Coupons and Free Voucher.



MOUTH ORGAN. "The Captain" model. You can play all sorts of tunes. 39 Coupons and Free Voucher.



TIDLEYWINKS with cup and discs. All colours of the rainbow. Good fun. 30 Coupons and Free Voucher.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO Don't just wish you had nice things. Thousands of boys and girls got them free — so can you! Just ask Mother to buy Rowntree's Cocoa. In every tin are Free Gift Coupons — 3 in the 1 lb. size. Start collecting now! Then exchange the coupons for the gift you want. (Rowntree's Table Jellies have coupons too!)

SHOW THIS TO YOUR MOTHER Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that, besides being more digestible itself, it actually aids digestion. It helps children to get more body-building nourishment out of all their other food as well.



Also hundreds of other Free Gifts. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. SC61, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for the complete list of boys' and girls' gifts. You will also get a Free Voucher, value three coupons — that's really getting something for nothing!

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 18, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

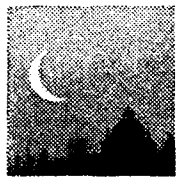
THE BRAN TUB

Happy Family

JACK: I call our family Great Britain.
BILL: Why?
JACK: Mother's English, Father's from Scotland, and Baby wails.

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening Mercury and Saturn are in the west, Uranus is in the south-west, and Neptune in the south-east. In the morning Venus is in the south-east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 7 a.m. on Sunday, March 19.

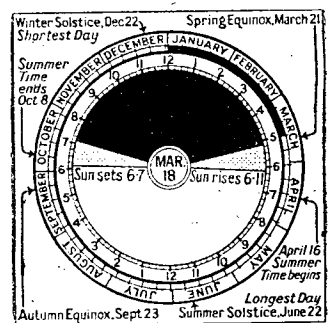


What Happened on Your Birthday

March 19. William Allingham, poet, born 1824
20. Louis Kossuth died 1894
21. Robert Southey died 1843
22. Van Dyck born 1599
23. Woolwich Ferry opened 1889
24. Queen Elizabeth died 1603
25. Nehemiah Grew died 1712

The C N Calendar

This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on March 18. The black section of



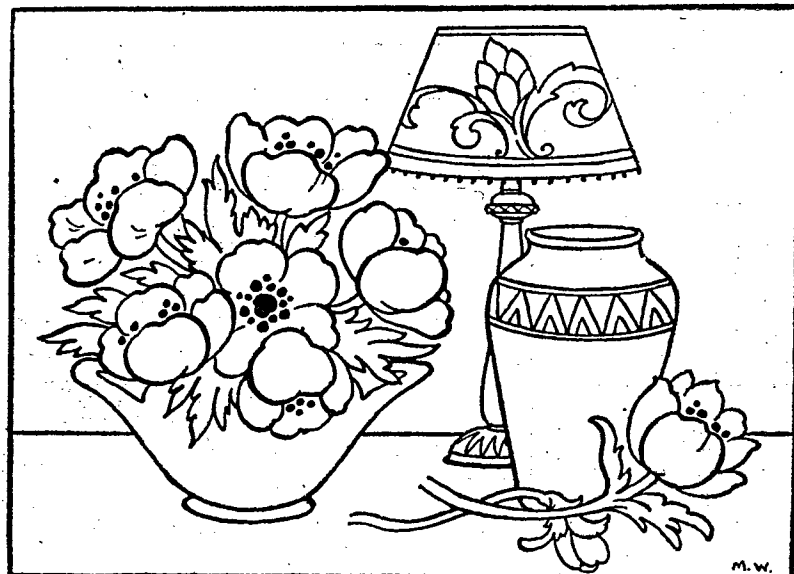
the circle under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has gone. The days are now getting longer.

CN PAINTING COMPETITION

Numerous Money Prizes For Clever Young Artists

This week the C N announces a Painting Competition for boys and girls of fifteen or under, and two prizes of ten shillings and 25 of half-a-crown are offered for the best entries.

Here is the picture to be painted, or, if you prefer, you may use crayons. All attempts must be sent on postcards. Add your name, address, and age, and post your attempt to C N Competition No 75, 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, March 23.



PASTE ON A POSTCARD AND ALLOW THE PASTE TO DRY BEFORE COLOURING

Age will be taken into account when judging. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C N for a month, 2s 6d will be awarded in addition to the prize.

No Cause For Alarm

WHY did the bulrush rush so fast, As if each minute was its last? Because upon a day in spring It saw the hedges shoot, poor thing!

This Week in Nature

THE red deer begins to drop its antlers. At this time of the year it is only the best and fittest stags which shed theirs, the young and sickly keeping their antlers for another month or two. Ten days after shedding them the new antlers make an appearance, and attain full growth in three months. The wild species of red deer were fairly

common in England until the 16th century, but now they are found only in the Highlands of Scotland and a few districts of England and Ireland.

Ici on Parle Français



La chaumière Le village Le chaume
cottage village thatch

Cette petite chaumière est la plus vieille maison du village. Son toit est couvert de chaume.

This little cottage is the oldest house in the village. Its roof is covered with thatch.

Tongue-Twister

THOUGH the tough cough and hic-cough plough me through O'er life's dark lough, my course I still pursue.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Hidden Precious Stones. Amethyst, topaz, ruby, opal.

Is This Your County? Rutland
Queer Arithmetic. Cow, Cow, Co, C
The C N Cross Word Puzzle:

R	O	D	E	N	T	U	M	P	I	R	E
E	A	R	L	O	I	L	S	M	U	G	
E	K	E	S	P	R	E	E	S	P	E	R
D	D	O	E	A	A	L	L	E			
S	A	G	W	A	T	E	R	O	A	T	
D	E	N	M	E	N	O	R	B			
E	U	R	O	P	E	A	L	B	E	I	T
A	S	W	I	N	C	B	E	D	O		
R	T	C	E	D	I	T	S	F	E	E	

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE young Wests were cycling home from school one evening when they heard puzzling sounds floating back from somewhere ahead.

Hurrying on through the gathering gloom, they presently found the narrow road blocked by carts and caravans.

"Gipsies! And it sounds as if the whole tribe is taking part in a scrimmage," murmured Frank, as he listened to the noises that were rising from the midst of the block. "We can't get by that jam; let's go back and cut across Highwayman's Hill."

So they rode back to the opening of a wide grassy ride that crossed a wooded hill

and then took a winding course to the hamlet in which they lived. It was said that the ride had once been the lurking place of a noted highwayman.

"Rather a creepy place in the dusk," Ann remarked. "Let's hope we don't meet the ghostly riderless horse they talk about—"

She stopped abruptly. All five had heard the sound of galloping. They looked at one another in dismay.

Suddenly a large grey shape flashed by them, going, saddled but riderless, towards the road.

"It sounded real enough," Frank said.

"Well, real or not, it's coming back," gasped Peggy.

But this time he stopped by them, and Ann ventured to touch him. "He feels solid, so that's enough for me," she murmured. "But what's happened to his rider?"

"I believe he wants us to follow him," cried Frank.

They moved on, and the horse trotted forward steadily, so that they had a job to keep up with him. However, he stopped at last and whinnied.

Frank peered round. "There's no one here—"

"Oh, yes there is!" retorted a muffled voice.

They all jumped, but in another moment they noticed

THE RIDERLESS HORSE

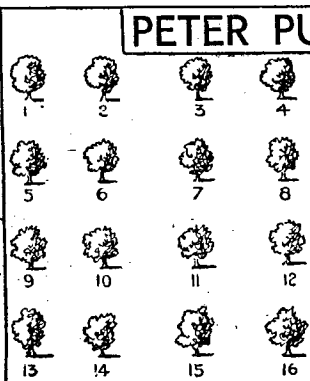
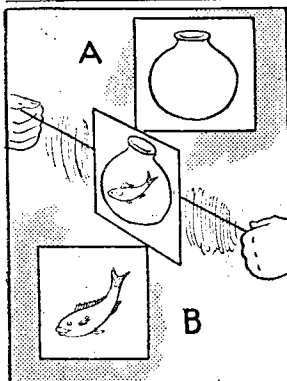
a huge blackberry bush, across the top of which sprawled a boy of about eighteen.

"Phew! What luck that someone has come!" he panted. "I'm a prisoner, for the more I struggle to free myself the more these beastly branches wind themselves round me. But for the fact that there's a big tree stump under this bush I should have gone down."

However, with willing help from the newcomers, the boy was soon rescued.

"I'm not much battered," he grinned as he thanked them. "I wasn't trying to be a bird, by the way! Lad stumbled and tossed me into that prickly nest."

PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

Draw a bowl (A) on one side of a 3-inch square of card. These trees form a number of squares of different sizes. Black in with a pencil those with the same number of trees on all sides. Can you re-move four trees so that no complete square remains? This picture illustrates two parts of the design necessary to make a picture of a horse. This picture illustrates two proverbs which are contradictory. What are they?

BUY ALL YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR CHEMIST



Clear that cold with VAPEX

The symptoms of a cold are Nature's way of expelling the germs which are the cause of the trouble. Remedies which merely remove these symptoms 'bottle up' the cold and lead to bronchial and other troubles.

Vapex, breathed from the handkerchief carries a pleasantly stimulating germicidal vapour direct to the CAUSE of your distress, destroying the germs and thus assisting Nature to throw off the infection.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V185

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Full of Interest for the Boy of Today...

MODERN BOY

Every Saturday at all Newsagents 2d

WHY DOCTORS ADVISE LIQUID LAXATIVE

Laxatives are always best in liquid form, above all for a child. For if you give a solid laxative the stomach may not properly dissolve it, and a chemical opening medicine in concentrated form may irritate the sensitive lining of a child's bowels.

Ask any doctor you know. He will tell you that the best laxative for children of all ages is the liquid laxative, 'California Syrup of Figs.' He will say this because it is made from fruit and vegetable extracts, and is therefore the most natural laxative in the world. Being a liquid you never have to worry and wonder whether it is lying in one spot irritating and griping your child's inside. You can judge just how much 'California Syrup of Figs' to give your child to ensure a gentle yet thorough inside cleansing. No risk of a straining, weakening, purging overdose. And how children love its delicious flavour! See how their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose which keeps them so gloriously fit.

Get a bottle of this ideal laxative from your chemist today. 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

Springtime's Health Breakfast SHREDDED WHEAT READY TO SERVE